WEEK ENDING MARCH 30, 1929

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Beginning FOOL ERRANT *by* PATRICIA WENTWORTH

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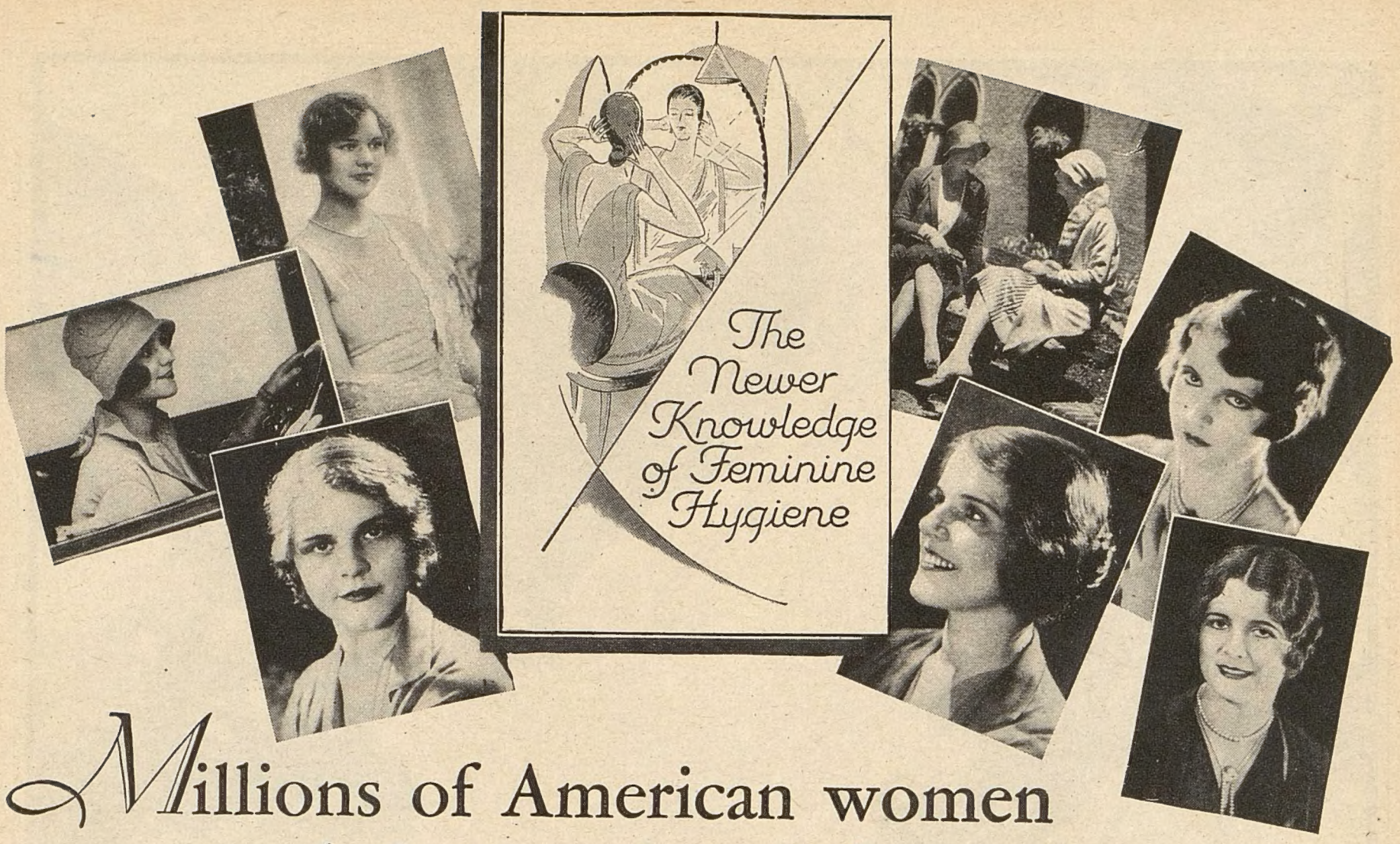

Millions of American women owe their complete information *about feminine hygiene ~ to reading this booklet*

MODEST and unpretentious as this little book is, nevertheless it has been a real educational force in the life of the modern American woman. In no other single place can she get the same authentic information on this delicate subject of feminine hygiene. In no other way can one woman "tell" another so easily. A mother can hand it confidently to her daughter, knowing that its contents are scientific and up-to-date.

Avoid the dangers of poisonous antiseptics

In this enlightened day practically every married woman is aware of the benefits of feminine hygiene as a healthful measure. Physicians approve it. Trained nurses endorse it.

The only drawback is this: feminine hygiene *has always been associated with poisonous antiseptics.* No wonder women have shrunk from the use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid. Personal hygiene and surgical cleanliness are highly desirable, but the price may be too high. Any physician could tell, if he would, about cases of injury to delicate membranes—hardened areas of scar-tissue caused by such poisonous preparations.

Of course the next question is: "What can be done about it? Is there no suitable antiseptic powerful enough and yet safe enough?"

The answer is contained in a single word

The answer to this question is contained in a single word—*Zonite.* It is a very important word in the field of preventive medicine. It represents the first great germicide outside the poison class. Zonite is harmless to human tissue. It can even be held in the mouth. There can be no accidental poisoning with Zonite, because Zonite is not a poison. Yet Zonite is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of *carbolic acid* (a poison) that can be allowed to touch the human body!

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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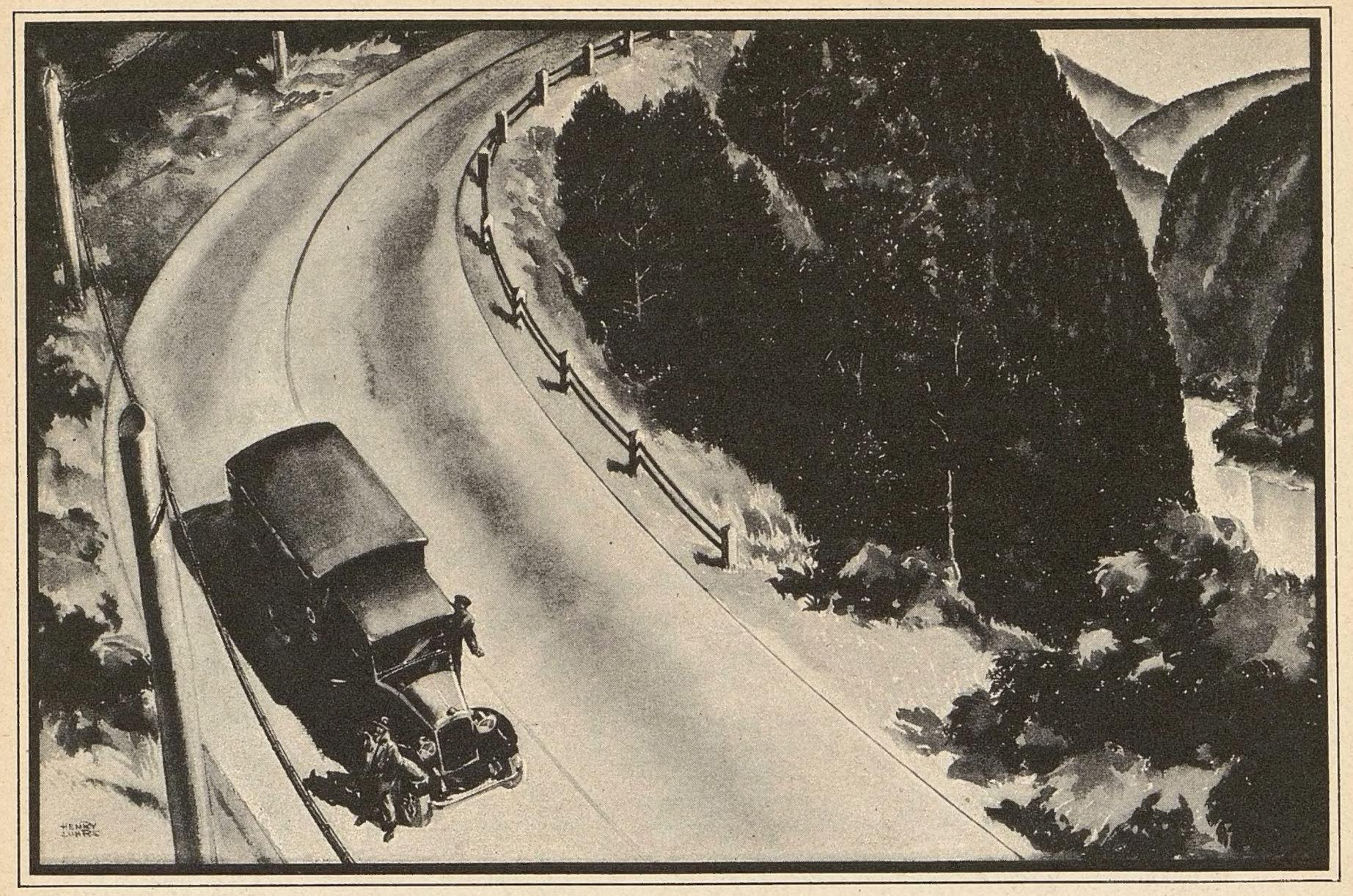

Getting there ahead of the trouble

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

DURING the afternoon of March 17; 1928, an alarm bell rang in a telephone test station in the heart of the Alleghany mountains. This meant that a puncture had been made in the air-tight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The men on duty knew that the injury was somewhere within 50 miles.

Highly-developed locating devices were instantly applied and in sixty-five minutes the trouble spot was located. By 7.15 in the evening, before the break in the sheath had affected service on any of the 248 pairs of wires in the cable, the repairs had been made. Because of the preliminary warning on the indicator wire and the locating devices that enabled the test station to tell the repair crew just where it would find the trouble, not one conversation was interrupted. This special alarm system is one of the many mechanical and electrical wonders developed by Bell System engineers to guard telephone conversations. The apparatus is placed along the cable routes at intervals of 100 miles. It gives instant warning day or night of any disturbance to the cable within 50 miles in either direction. Automatic warning signals, electrical locating devices, constant testing of all switchboard apparatus and circuits—these are some of the ceaseless efforts that so effectually reduced interruptions to service on Bell lines in 1928.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

MARCH 30, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 NO. 12

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Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

PROHIBITION IS A RELIGION

It would seem that prohibition itself has become a religion in this country. It inspires in its followers the same devotion and spirit of consecration as are aroused by the various other forms of religious faith. In the minds of its proponents, prohibition is more a matter of religion than of economics or law.

In its essence it has nothing to do with Christianity. The point has often been made that Jesus was a maker and user of wine.

By this of course we do not mean that it is not a widely accepted belief of many Christian people. Many devout Christians are devoted prohibitionists just as they are sincere Republicans; but prohibition has nothing to do with the religion Christ taught.

Methodists and Baptists generally are among the most exemplary of Christians. And Methodists and Baptists generally believe in prohibition. But in so doing they have *added* something to their Christian belief. And because this matter of prohibition is in dispute it has become the part of their religion which they are the most determined to enforce on themselves and on others. Therein, we think, lies the error.

Unquestionably, abstinence on the part of those who practice it is admirable. It frequently improves the character, health, spirits, temper, longevity, and pocketbooks of its adherents. The same can be said of going to church or abiding by the tenets of any of the established religions. They are acts of faith.

But abstinence is most valuable, according to our way of thinking, when it is practiced voluntarily. To this the prohibitionists do not agree. They seek to impose their belief in it on other people, and this is where heat and passion come in.

As we write, a law has just been enacted greatly increasing the maximum penalties for violation of the Volstead act. Its sponsors say that it is not to apply to amateur offenders—only professional bootleggers. But this is not mandatory in the law. Under its provisions a judge may send you to prison for five years for carrying a flask to a November football game.

The Spanish Inquisition made it possible to drive the Jews and Protestants out of Spain by the use of the rack and thumbscrew, but it is doubtful if the rack and screw will be permitted the drys in their attempts to extirpate the wets. Short, however, of using torture or at least the death penalty upon people, it is hard to make them change their religion by passing laws.

And even if capital punishment should come as the next step, we don't believe it will wipe out the use of liquor. The desire for liquor in some hearts is so intense that it will drive a man to ruin his family and prospects to get it. Others, not so extreme, simply know what they want and are willing to pay for it.

The point is, they don't think it is wrong.

The American is a pretty individual kind of a bird. He came over here to escape restraint and get religious freedom. When a law seems to him tyrannical he opposes the law, and he has always done so. Such people think it better to fight for freedom than to give up without a struggle.

Prohibition is not a part of the religion of the Jewish people, nor of the Catholics or Episcopalians. And of course there is a vast number of people belonging to no established church who do not like to have the religious tenets of other people forced upon them. Among these there are many who abstain from liquor for economic reasons, to please the little woman, or because they got a headache the last time out. That is an admirable thing —but we do not think it admirable to try to compel them to abstinence because the Methodists and Baptists believe in it.

The fathers of this country were right in providing for various forms of religious freedom and thought—the right to worship and think as one likes. It would be better if some similar degree of latitude in conduct entered into the consideration of the liquor problem, so that those who want it within reason might have it within reason, and those who do not might be permitted to do without.

The demoralization which prohibition has brought about over the length and breadth of the land; the corruption, the killing of citizens, the poison hooch, the confiscation of property by padlocking, the removal of trial by jury—these are evidence that something is very much amiss.

We believe this recent step to increase the penalties for violation of the Volstead act is a desperate effort—perhaps the last—of one religion to enforce itself on others.

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New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW . . . .

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

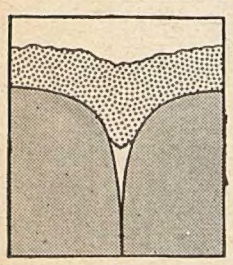
A REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

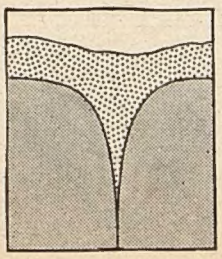
He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

and only 25¢

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Try Colgate's *one week* FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1614 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

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FOOL ERRANT

Beginning a New Serial

By
PATRICIA WENTWORTH

A Tale of Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

She leaned out. "Don't go there —you mustn't go there!"

THE lane was very dark; it was difficult to see where the tall hedgerow ended and the heavily clouded sky began. It was six hours since the sun had set, and during those six hours the darkness had deepened steadily until the cold, heavy air was saturated with gloom.

Hugo Ross stood for a moment by the Meade House entrance gates. The white posts just showed; the dark gate was invisible. Hugo leaned on it, staring into the impenetrable blackness of the drive.

He turned from the gate and walked a little farther along the lane. The hedge on his left skirted the grounds of Meade House, and suddenly out of the darkness there sprang to view one lighted window—just one, high up in the black wall of the house. The window looked at Hugo with a square, bright eye; and then down came a blind like the dropping of a lid.

He walked another hundred yards, and then turned back again. It was rather odd to think that perhaps he was going to live in the house that had looked at him for a moment with that yellow staring eye. He wondered what the house was like. He could see it only as a black, blank wall running up into a black, blank sky. It had no substance or content; it was just length and breadth, and a yellow staring eye.

He passed the gate with a glance over his shoulder and a faint thrill of the old "let's pretend" feeling that had made the nursery a place of high adventure to Susan and himself.

He began to feel sure that he would get the job. Up to this moment he had been almost sure that he would not get it. Manning had said, "Why not have a shot at it?" But even Manning—very good fellow, Manning—had certainly not been hopeful.

"Of course, my dear chap, you can but try," he had said. "He'd be a jolly good man to get in with. And of course, as I say, if you can get in before the crowd who are sure to answer his advertisement—you see what I mean. Hacker told me about the advertisement, and I thought I'd give you the tip. It comes out first thing in the morning, and if you're on the spot before anyone else, it might give you a bit of a pull, though of course, as I said, he may want someone . . ." He proceeded to enumerate the qualifications which Ambrose Minstrel might reasonably require in a secretary.

Hugo possessed none of them. He had no degree. He knew nothing about mechanics, engineering, electricity, or chemistry. He supposed vaguely that an eminent inventor like Minstrel might require such knowledge in a secretary. Manning seemed sure of it.

"Still, I should have a stab at it, you know."

Hugo was having a stab at it; and quite suddenly and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Serials and Such

A NEW serial is always something of an event in a magazine office. If an editor goes wrong on a short story (O, it *might* happen) it seems reasonable to assume that those who read it will forgive and forget. But a serial is with you for weeks and weeks. So, its selection is a thing to be approached with fasting and prayer. We have fasted and prayed, and hope you will like Fool Errant, the exciting tale whose opening episodes are recorded in these pages.

PATRICIA WENTWORTH, the author, has not been communicative about herself. She is an Englishwoman who has traveled widely and who, before the war, achieved considerable popularity as a writer of historical romances. After the war she turned to mystery stories. Like so many British people who write, she has memories of India, her father having seen service there as military member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

ACHMED ABDULLAH, whose name also appears in this issue, is a glamorous figure. Mystery shrouds his past, but he is said to be Nadir Khan Durani, a great-grandson of the late Abderrahman Khan, King of Afghanistan. He has been a captain in the British-Indian army and a colonel in the Turkish forces; has served in China, West Africa, Central Africa, the Sudan, the Indian frontier, and the Balkans, and was once a famous polo player. . . . RALPH BARTON, LIBERTY'S cartoonist chronicler of the news as he sees it, was born thirty-seven years ago in Kansas City. He has been contributing to magazines since 1910, and has designed a number of unusual and amusing curtains for New York theaters. . . . BERTHE K. MELLETT is the wife of the editor of the Washington News and a sister-in-law of the late Don Mellett, the Canton, Ohio, editor who was killed by racketeers whom he had attacked in his paper. She lived in Alaska in her girlhood and in the mining camps acquired a skill at poker, red dog, and faro which has been the despair of many sturdy males who thought they knew the games.

Patricia Wentworth

Ralph Barton

Achmed Abdullah

Berthe K. Mellett

SPEAKING of serials, as we were, a sensational one is coming next week. FLOYD GIBBONS, who wrote The Red Knight of Germany, has lifted the curtain of the future and told the story of the next war. It is called—but read the announcement on page 45.

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irrationally he began to feel that the job was his. Tomorrow at 9:30—he had fixed on 9:30 as the earliest hour at which he could decently present himself—well, at 9:30 he would pass between the white gateposts, walk briskly up the drive under those overarching trees, and in the house that he had not seen he would presently find himself Ambrose Minstrel's secretary. He had not the slightest idea how this was going to happen; he had stopped bothering about it.

He turned his mind to the question of how to spend the next eleven hours. He thought hopefully of haystacks. The proverbial needle in a bundle of hay would be easier to find than half a dozen haystacks in a pitch-black field. It made him wild to think that there might be a perfectly good dry, warm haystack within a stone's throw of him at this very moment. He decided not to feel for haystacks but to go on walking.

IT was growing steadily colder. The fog, which had been rising from the fields ever since the frost set in, had topped the hedges and came drifting down between them like the flow of some sluggish, impalpable stream.

Hugo turned back toward Meade House and began to run. The lane was quite straight here for three or four hundred yards, rising slightly and then sloping until it reached the gate. He ran up the rise and down the slope—and halfway down the slope he ran into the girl. It was very startling, because, somehow, it had never occurred to him that there might be anyone else afoot—the lane was his; and then not his, because he bumped heavily into someone and heard the girl's faint scream.

Hugo swung round, groped, touched a shoulder, and said, "I'm frightfully sorry! Did I hurt you? I'm most *frightfully* sorry!"

She had sprung away when he touched her. He could hear her breathing quickly with a little sobbing catch between the breaths.

He spoke again:

"I say, I'm afraid I did hurt you. Is there anything I can do?"

The answer was the most unexpected thing. She laughed: a long, pretty, shaken ripple of a laugh.

"No—it's all right."

"Are you sure? I was running to keep myself warm. It was most awfully careless of me to go barging along like that."

"I'm not hurt. I was frightened—I thought you were a tramp."

She had a very pretty voice, rather high, very young, clear and unmodulated like a child's voice. She went on:

"There was a tramp. I thought he had come back." The clear voice shook.

"Oh, I s-say—I must have frightened you dreadfully!"

Hugo's shyness and the little stammer which accompanied it were returning. They had been, as it were, knocked clean out of him when he bumped into the girl.

She came a step nearer.

"You didn't frighten me—it was the tramp. I wasn't frightened as soon as I heard your voice. The tramp had a horrid one—you know—*beery*."

Hugo wanted to laugh, and felt like a tongue-tied fool. He began:

"I'm s-so sorry," and was interrupted.

"You haven't seen him, have you? He went this way. I hid, and he went along here. That's why I thought you were him."

"I haven't s-seen anyone."

He said politely: "I've come to see Mr. Minstrel."

She came quite close.

"It's too dark to see anyone. He might be there." It was a very small whisper.

Hugo was not wanting in perception. He said, stammering very badly:

"Sh-shall I—w-would you—I m-mean—I—c-can't I do anything?"

A hand slipped into his arm. "Would you—walk a little way—with me? Would you really?"

"Of course."

"You were going the other way."

"I wasn't going anywhere really—I was just putting in t-time."

There was a little irrepressible laugh.

"So was I. How funny! Oh, do you know what the time is—because I'm most dreadfully afraid I shall miss my train."

HUGO turned up his wrist. The luminous dial showed like a faint moon.

"It's half-past ten."

"Then I shall catch it." She began to walk, keeping her hand on his arm. "I got so frightfully cold waiting. And I thought I should miss the train, and I thought about the tramp, and—don't you think when you're simply dreadfully frightened of doing something, it's better to do it?"

"S-sometimes," said Hugo.

"Not sometimes—*always*, or else you just get so frightened that you can't do anything—you can't even run away." The words came tumbling out. And then, with a sudden return of breathlessness, she demanded, "Do you live here?"

"No."

She pulled away her hand.

"Do you live near here?"

"No."

"Because I don't want you to tell anyone you've seen me."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT Continued from page nine]

Hugo gave his funny little laugh.

"But I haven't."

"No, you haven't—you haven't seen anyone, because—you're sure you don't live here?"

"I s-swear it."

"Do you know people here?"

"No, I don't—really."

"Not anyone?"

"Not a soul."

"I'm running away. That's why I asked. You won't tell anyone—will you?"

Hugo said quite seriously:

"I say, is that a good plan?"

"What?"

"Running away. Don't you think you'd better go home again?"

He stood still as he spoke. But she tugged at his arm.

"No—*no*. Oh, I'll miss my train! Do come on!"

Hugo began to feel rather middle-aged.

"Look here, what's the good of running away? Much better go home—they'll be in an awful state about you."

"Let them! I'm not going back." She laughed. "If I wouldn't go back for the beery tramp, d'you suppose I'll go back for you? Besides— Oh, anyhow, I'm not going back. You won't tell—will you?"

"I don't know," said Hugo.

"Oh! You *promised!*"

"Why are you running away?"

She laughed.

"I haven't murdered anyone or stolen anything, and nobody's going to break their hearts. They'll be all fussed up and shocked, but they won't worry, because I've got heaps of money and I know quite well how to look after myself, and I've told them I'm going to a job."

"L-look here," said Hugo.

"I won't go back."

"All right—don't. Only don't go telling strangers how much money you've got."

"I don't."

"You told me."

"Oh—*you!*"

Hugo burst out laughing.

"You needn't laugh! I can take care of myself. Why are you laughing? I *did* only tell you."

"And I—how many years have you known me?"

SOMETHING curious happened—silence; darkness; and a queer electric thrill. A whispering voice broke the silence. It spoke in the darkness quite close to him, and it said, "I—don't—know."

Hugo went on trying to feel middle-aged, and became very much aware that he was only twenty-six and that for the first time in his life he was speaking to a girl without feeling shy. Susan, of course, didn't count.

They walked on.

She was quite right—you couldn't reckon by time.

She said, with a quick note of indignation, "Of *course* I told you."

"I see."

"You won't tell—will you?"

"Why did you run away?"

"Oh—because—"

She was walking about a yard away from him. Her movements were all quick; her step was quick and springy; when she held his arm, her hand moved, quivered, and was alive. The yard of darkness between them was full of little live, warm, dancing things. Her voice was full of them, too.

He heard Minstrel's voice: "I tell you, the young fool hasn't the brains."

"I just *had* to run away. You know, she's only my cousin. She *says* it's second cousin three times removed, and you can't really count that sort of relation—can you?"

Hugo had not the faintest idea who "she" might be. He said so.

"Her name's Brown—Emily Brown. Isn't that frightful? And she's almost the only relation I've got. And her husband is a solicitor, and they're both most frightfully respectable and worthy, and managing and kind in a feather-beddy sort of way. If I'd stayed, they'd have smothered me into a sort of swoon, and I'd have waked up to find I'd married James."

"Who is James?"

"Another feather bed, just like them. They love him—he's Andrew's cousin. He used to come and play bridge every night and sing On Away, Awake Beloved! and Somewhere a Voice Is Calling. I suppose you think I ought to have married him?" The question came swiftly, lightly, eagerly.

There seemed to be nothing between marrying James and running away.

"They couldn't have made you," said Hugo.

SHE laughed.

"They could have. But they can't now!" There was an excited triumph in the words. "What's the good of saying they couldn't make me? If you live on ditch water and dullness, with feather beds all round you, and someone saying 'Oh!' in a shocked voice every time you want to do anything at all, and James asking you to marry him about seven times a week and twice on Sundays, and cold beef and pickles every day for lunch because Andrew likes them—and Emily would *murder* anyone if it would please Andrew—well, you wouldn't talk nonsense about their not being able to make you.

"I believe Emily said 'Oh!' at me a thousand times every day. And I used to wake up at night dreaming I was being married to James—you know, the perfectly awful sort of dream where everybody else talks and you can't say a word. And when the parson said, 'Speak now, or else forever hereafter hold your peace'—I couldn't. And the next thing I knew, he was saying, 'I pronounce you man and wife'—only just then I woke up. It was so frightful that I wrote straight off to Cissy and said I'd run away.

"Oh, look here, this is where I left my bag. I must just see if it's safe."

She made a dart into the hedge, then came running back.

"It's all right. The station's just round the corner. And I don't want to go there till the very last minute, till the train's in, because, you see, Emily will think I've gone to Ledlington—she'll never, never dream of me walking seven miles across the fields. You see, trains stop here because of Mr. Minstrel at Meade House. I don't want anyone to see me and tell Emily. We'll walk up and down till we see the train coming, and then just make a dash."

They had reached the corner; the lights of the tiny station showed below them at the foot of a sharp slope. The girl put a hand on his arm and pulled Hugo round.

He said, "Who is Cissy?" and did not stammer over the name.

"She was a girl I knew when I lived with old Cousin Catherine—she went to London. And I wrote and told her about James, and she said, had I any money? And when I said I'd got lots, she said come along and she'd find me a job."

"How much money have you got?" said Hugo.

"Twenty pounds."

"Did you tell her how much you'd got?"

"No, I didn't."

"Who is she? What does she do?"

"I don't know. Cousin Catherine didn't like me to

know her—but she was a very disapproving sort of person. I think Cissy was on the stage, or danced, or something like that. I should *love* to dance."

Hugo began to feel appalled. "Twenty pounds"—"I told her I had lots of money"—"Cousin Catherine didn't like me to know her"—

"I say, you know—"

"I can dance a little," the eager voice went on. "Of course I don't know if Cissy *is* dancing. I really knew her awfully little—only just for a fortnight last winter when Cousin Catherine and I were at Brighton. I got to know her because she dropped her bag and I picked it up, and she told me then she could get me a job if I ever wanted one. And she gave me an address to write to. So when I got desperate about being pronounced man and wife with James, I wrote."

"I say, you know, twenty pounds isn't such a lot of money."

"Oh, it *is*—for me—it's a tremendous lot. Cousin Catherine gave it to me out of her silver teapot the night before she died. I didn't tell Emily about the twenty pounds, and I didn't tell Cissy how much it was. So you see I don't tell everything, though you think I do."

"Why do you tell me?"

The field glasses, barometer, and clock brought him three pound ten and the consciousness of having been done.

THEY turned and began to walk back toward the station.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter, does it? You don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind. But—"

"I don't even know your name, and you don't know mine. And if you met me tomorrow, you'd never, never know who I was. And perhaps some day you'll see me dance and you'll never know that you nearly knocked me down in a dark lane and carried my bag and were very, very kind."

It was frightfully embarrassing. The whole situation was frightfully embarrassing.

"L-look here—"

"I've taken you frightfully out of your way. You needn't come any farther—there won't be any tramps now. I'll go close up to the station and wait. And you can go to wherever you're staying. They'll think you're lost."

"I'm not staying anywhere."

"You must be."

"I'm not. I've come down to look for a job. I came down tonight because I wanted to get in before anyone else tomorrow morning; but I had my pocket picked in the train, so I haven't any money till I get back to town."

He would not have any then, but this was a fact which he did not feel bound to explain.

"They left my return ticket," he concluded cheerfully.

"Oh, I *hope* you'll get your job."

"So do I."

"What is it?"

"Secretary to an inventor."

He heard a little startled gasp:

"Not Ambrose Minstrel! Oh—you mustn't!"

"I say—"

"You mustn't! Oh, what shall I do? There's my train—I can't miss it! Quick—my bag!"

She was off. He heard the bag bump on the road; his hand, groping for it, met hers. He caught at the bag, and they began to run.

The train was coming into view along a raised embankment.

"Run!" said the girl.

She took his left hand, and they raced down the hill. They reached the station whilst the train was still some hundreds of yards away.

"Get my ticket! Oh, I'm so glad I thought of that! Here's a pound—get it quickly!"

When he came back to her with the ticket, the train was in the station. Two men got out.

The girl took her ticket and the change, snatched up her bag, and ran across the platform. Hugo followed. The door slammed on her. The train began to move. She leaned out.

He felt an overwhelming desire to see her face. But she was only a slim black silhouette against the carriage lamp. She leaned out.

"Don't go there—you *mustn't* go there!"

"Why not?"

He walked beside the train; walked faster; began to run.

"I heard—there's no time—what's your name?"

He was being left behind. The engine snorted, and a great puff of steam came drifting back.

"Hugo Ross."

He seemed to be shouting it, but the wind took the words away. He heard her voice very faintly:

"You *mustn't*."

The steam hid her. The train went on.

Hugo turned and walked out of the station into the darkness. How astonishing! How extraordinary and astonishing! What on earth did she mean?

He walked to the corner from which they had seen the train. Its row of lighted windows had a moment lighted up the sloping field from which the embankment rose. Six foot of fog and two black humps rising out of it—barns or haystacks. He thought he would go and prospect.

They were haystacks. Coldish comfort, but better than walking about all night. He sat down in the warmest spot he could find, leaned his back against the hay, and fumbled in an inside pocket.

There came out the two halves of a flute, his pride and despair, practiced by stealth, often abandoned, and as often resumed. For half an hour slow, melancholy notes followed one another into the fog.

At the end of half an hour he stopped playing and began to copy the high, clear notes of a girl's laugh.

II

AT half-past 9 next morning Hugo walked between the white gateposts of Meade House and up the drive beneath the overarching trees. The house, when he came to it, was just such a house as he expected: square, flat, slate-roofed, and hung with leafless creepers. There were no curtains showing at the windows, and discolored blinds hung unevenly, some up, some down.

Oddly enough, Hugo's spirits rose. He was feeling quite horribly conscious of being unshaved, and it was a relief to find that the house did not set an exacting standard. He rang the bell, and heard it clang far away in the recesses of the house.

Almost at once a middle-aged woman opened the door. She carried a pail of water which slopped over on the step and wetted Hugo's shoe. He moved his foot and said politely:

"I've come to see Mr. Minstrel."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
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The woman set down the pail of water and left him standing at the open door. A minute passed—two minutes—quite a number of minutes. Hugo thought how cold the house must be getting. On any other morning his courage would have been cooling too. On this morning, unshaven and breakfastless, he had a feeling of assurance which was delightfully new and very supporting. He could have whistled; he could have played the flute openly and without a blush.

A door opened upstairs. Someone came running down into the hall—a man, large, young, with a blue chin, thick eyebrows, and a black mustache clipped short. He said, "Hullo!" in a tone of surprise; and Hugo said:

"I've come to see Mr. Minstrel."

The dark young man stared. He had eyes rather like bull's-eyes without the stripes.

"By appointment?"

"I'm applying for the post of secretary."

The dark young man laughed rather noisily.

"That's quick work! Did you come by wire? The advertisement's hardly out. All right—first come, first served. My name's Hacker—I'm Minstrel's assistant, and I shall be damn glad when he gets a secretary, because I've had all the correspondence on my hands since Mayhew left. Come along!"

He led the way to the back of the hall and threw open a door on the right.

Hugo came into a large, littered room. The walls were lined with bookshelves. There were two writing tables and a cabinet gramophone.

"Sit down," said Mr. Hacker.

He went across to a door on the far side of the room, knocked on it, and waited. After a moment the door was opened and he went in, shutting it after him.

Hugo went and looked out of the window.

THE room into which Mr. Hacker had disappeared was evidently a recent addition to the house. It could be seen from the window: a tall, long, featureless block set down on the remains of a rose garden.

Hugo turned at the sound of the opening door. Ambrose Minstrel was coming into the room—a tall, thin man with a stoop, and gray untidy hair and a gray untidy beard. He spoke over his shoulder to Hacker:

"Where is he? You shouldn't have left him."

"He's here." Mr. Hacker sounded quite meek.

Ambrose Minstrel turned, saw Hugo, swept him with a restless glance, and flung impatiently into an old leather-covered armchair.

Mr. Hacker sat down at the nearest table.

Curiously enough, Hugo did not feel embarrassed. He was interested, stimulated, alert. He felt not the slightest inclination to stammer. It was immensely thrilling to meet Ambrose Minstrel—one didn't expect him to be like other people. He gazed with deep respect at the bulging brow, the hot restless eyes, the long nervous fingers, stained brown and yellow, scarred with the marks of epoch-making experiments.

Ambrose Minstrel tugged at his ragged beard.

"You've come about the secretaryship?"

"Yes, sir."

He hadn't stammered at all; the "s," his special enemy, had been surmounted without effort.

"Your name?"

The questions were being jerked at him in a dry, uneven voice. Hacker appeared to be taking down the answers.

"Hugo Ross."

"Age?"

"Twenty-six, sir."

Delightful—he hadn't stammered in the least. Why had he ever stammered? If one could say a thing like that, one could say anything.

"Experience?"

That was rather a nasty snag, because, of course, he hadn't any experience to speak of. He flushed a little as he said:

"I used to do all my uncle's correspondence."

"Uncle? What uncle?"

Of course he oughtn't to have mentioned his uncle just like that. His cheeks had begun to burn.

"I lived with him, sir. He had a place in Devonshire."

"And you did the correspondence? And that's your experience?" The great man's tone was definitely sarcastic. He laughed. "Got that down, Hacker? Now, where were you at school? And what have you been doing since you left school? Were you at the 'Varsity?"

Mr. Hacker wrote down the answers.

"You've been living with your uncle ever since you came down. What did you say his name was? Ross?"

"Trevelyan, sir. He was my mother's brother."

"*Was?*"

"He died three months ago."

"And left you the place?" Again the tone was sarcastic.

"No, sir."

"Well, you've got a nerve—haven't you?" Hugo began to think he had.

"Cut you off with a shilling? Why?" The last word had a real stand-and-deliver sound.

Hugo did not look away.

"My uncle never made the will he meant to. I know he meant to do it, because when I went to live with him he told me so. I was meant for the Indian Civil, but he asked me to give it up and get into the ways of the place. I was practically agent the last three years. He meant to leave me everything. But the will couldn't be found—perhaps he never made it—and everything went, under an old will, to a distant cousin."

"Very interesting," said Minstrel.

There was a pause. Hugo felt himself cooling to the point of antagonism. If he had not had his pocket picked, he would have been tempted to say good morning and walk out. He saw Hacker turn slightly. He could not see his face.

Minstrel looked round and said irritably:

"All right, all right! I wish to heaven you'd attend to your job, Hacker! I tell you I won't be dictated to. I tell you I'll do things my own way or not at all. Am I engaging a secretary, or are you?"

HACKER turned back with a shrug of the shoulders. Hugo caught a glimpse of his side face—black eyebrow raised, exasperation plainly stamped.

Minstrel pulled his beard and went on interviewing Hugo after his own peculiar fashion:

"What relations have you?"

"Only a sister, sir. She's married to a man in India."

"Army?"

"Indian Army."

"Name?"

"Smith—John Warrington Smith."

"Rank?"

"Captain."

"No other relations?"

"Only distant cousins. I don't know any of them."

Minstrel nodded. The answer appeared to please him.

"You're not married?"

"No, sir."

"Engaged—entangled? You wouldn't tell me if you were, I suppose. I can't have my affairs talked about. D'you see? I don't want a secretary who's going to go home for week-ends and talk—or go anywhere and talk. My affairs aren't to be talked about—my work isn't to be talked about. What d'you know about it already?" He shot this at Hugo with a sudden violence.

"Only what everyone knows."

"How discreet!" The violence slid into a sneer. "Well, what does everybody know?"

"It's in Who's Who, sir."

Minstrel laughed aloud.

"Where you've read it! A lot of tripe—half a column of it—from the Minstrel propeller to the Minstrel gyrostat! Half a column of cold-meat sentences! Bah! What do they know of the grind and sweat, the brain I've put into my work? And for what? For what? I ask you! Letters after my name—paragraphs in the press—and the starvation wage which is all we've got to offer genius over here!"

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[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page thirteen]

Hacker turned again.

Minstrel pushed back his chair, got up, and went striding off to the end of the room. He came striding back, stopped by Hugo, looking down on him, and asked abruptly:

"What are your qualifications? Have you studied mechanics?"

"No, sir."

"Dynamics? Chemistry?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you've got a nerve—haven't you?"

Hugo began to think he had. Anyhow he had stopped blushing. Ambrose Minstrel reminded him of a weather report: "Squally. Some rain. Wind variable. Local thunderstorms. Very disturbed conditions. Further outlook highly uncertain." It was impossible to feel embarrassed by a weather report.

Then Minstrel turned away with a laugh.

"That's all right. I don't want an assistant—I want a secretary. I don't want brains—I want a writing machine. I can do all the thinking that's needed in this house. I don't want anyone else butting in. D'you hear, Hacker? You can put that in your pipe and smoke it. Now look here, you—Ross—let's get down to business. What about your references? If you haven't got anything else, I suppose you've got a character. No—I apologize. You mayn't have brains or education, but you've got plenty of brass—I'll say that for you. Well—what about testimonials?"

He flung back into his chair with the envelope produced by Hugo in his hand, tore it roughly down one side, and proceeded most embarrassingly to read aloud the letters from Mr. Trevelyan's solicitor, the local parson, and a neighboring J. P., in each one of which Hugo was praised as a young man of unblemished character, extreme trustworthiness, and unflagging industry. It sounded awful. In the midst of the last letter he stopped and flung the whole lot across the room.

"Lord! What stuff! Are you all that of a prig?"

"No, sir," said Hugo dryly.

Minstrel turned to his assistant.

"Hacker, get a move on, can't you? Pick up that tosh! See if any of 'em have got telephone numbers. Get on to 'em and ask 'em what about it. Meanwhile—here, you—Ross—have you got any objection to putting in a day's work without prejudice? You haven't? All right, go over there and begin. You'll find a pretty average silt, because Hacker's a lazy brute and hasn't done a hand's turn for days. I pay my secretary a hundred and fifty. If you don't suit, you can work out how much that comes to a day. I'll try you for a week if your references are all right. Now go over there and get down to it!"

III

THAT night Hugo wrote to Susan, in India:

I am Ambrose Minstrel's secretary. Isn't it ripping? He's trying me for a week, but it's going to be all right. I came down overnight and got in before anyone else. Manning gave me the tip. He knows Hacker, who is Minstrel's assistant. It was awfully decent of him, because it really was a case of first come, first served. Hacker said that to me when I arrived, and I soon found out what he meant.

Minstrel has taken me on for a week on the strength of my not having any relations to speak of. I had to take notes whilst he interviewed all the other fellows. Rather comic—wasn't it? As a matter of fact, Minstrel only really interviewed two of them. In the middle of the second one he got fed up and dashed off into his laboratory and locked himself in, and left Hacker and me to carry on. It was awfully funny, because I'd only just come off the mat myself.

As a matter of fact, Hacker and I did the job a lot better than old Minstrel. But when I handed in the beautiful notes I had taken, Minstrel just tore them across and flung them into the fire and said they could all go to blazes. Then he said, "Hacker says your references are all right. If they are you're probably too good to live; but if you survive, you can have the job—unless you get on my nerves. I'll soon tell you if you do."

He kept me busy all day. And then, just as I was wondering how I was to get my kit, he told me that there was a train at 7, and that I'd better clear out, get anything I wanted, and come down by the 9:30 next day. So here I am, packing up.

He finished his letter and turned his mind to the problem of what to pawn. He was very glad he hadn't accepted Hacker's offer of a loan. Now, why should Hacker have offered him a loan?

Hugo stared at himself in the glass. Did he look down and out—as if he needed a loan from a stranger? He did not. How could Hacker possibly have known that a return ticket to London was all that had saved him from having to confess to empty pockets? Hacker couldn't possibly have guessed. Hacker meant well.

HAVING disposed of Mr. Hacker, Hugo considered his pawnable possessions. Not his flute—certainly not his flute. He picked out Uncle Richard's field glasses and wondered how much they would raise and whether Minstrel paid by the week, the month, or the quarter. The field glasses would certainly not last a quarter. He added a pocket aneroid in a worn leather case, a pair of skates, and a traveling clock. After which he packed everything else and went to bed, where he dreamed that he and Hacker were parachuting from the moon in the new Minstrel submarine. And all at once the girl whispered in his ear, "You *mustn't* go there! Oh, you *mustn't* go there!" He woke up with the sound of the words in his ears.

The field glasses, the barometer, and the clock brought him three pound ten and the consciousness of having been done. If he had had more time, he would have walked out of the shop; but with the 9:30 to catch, he pocketed the cash. It annoyed him to think that there had been a witness to his defeat. He thought the elderly man who had followed him into the shop regarded him with the sort of expression that says, "Had for a mug."

He was halfway to Meade Halt before he really recovered his spirits. He might not have recovered them then if he had known that, at that very moment, the elderly man was commenting on the incident over the telephone.

"Yes, I followed him. He pawned some old trash—field glasses, an aneroid, and a clock. Got three ten for them. He went back to his room and paid the landlady. He only owed a week. Is that all? All right." The elderly man rang off.

Hugo left his luggage till the only porter at Meade Halt came on duty and could borrow a barrow. He walked up to Meade House. He had thirty-five shillings left. He had a job. He had a sense of adventure. Life was pretty good in spite of the pawnbroker.

The front door of the house stood open, and he walked in. He went past the stairs to the study, and just short of the door he began to wonder whether he ought to have rung the bell. There was a sound of voices in the room. The unlatched door moved in the draft, and he heard Minstrel's rasping voice raised angrily:

"I'll do things my own way or not at all. I tell you, the young fool hasn't the brains. He's easy—easy—*easy*."

Hugo turned on his heel and walked back to the front door. Standing on the dirty doorstep, he rang the bell. It clanged; the sound echoed and died. No one came.

The violent disturbance in his mind settled. Minstrel's words might, or might not, refer to him. If they did, they meant no more than that Minstrel had a bee in his bonnet—probably thought everyone wanted to steal his ideas. It wasn't very flattering to get a job on the strength of being considered too great a fool to be dangerous; but there couldn't be any more to it than that.

He rang the bell again. Hacker looked round the study door and shouted, "All right—come in!"

You've learned to know Hugo. You've followed him to the verge of an extraordinary adventure. Stay with him! Watch for Part Two of this story, next week.

Air Yachting in the CARIBBEAN

Being the Log of a Passenger Who Almost Didn't Go

By ALICIA PATTERSON

IT all happened one night at dinner—at least, that's when I stepped into the picture. My father had a grand idea. A stag air-yachting cruise through the Caribbean. No bother with feminine frills, no surplus baggage, no chivalry. The idea was all right, but I managed to pigeonhole it. After three long hours of begging, pleading, and threatening, I extracted a well earned promise from him that he take me along—if it met with the approval of the pilot, Frederick Becker.

The original party consisted of father, Floyd Gibbons, former war correspondent, Captain Becker, John Russell Roe, radio man, and Charles Sutter, mechanic. Roe and Sutter were lent to us by the navy. They were A-1 men—best of their kind. The plane, a Sikorsky amphibian, which was christened Liberty, was different in that it had two 525-horsepower Hornet engines instead of the usual Wasps of 425 horsepower. It is a queer-looking bird, rather ungainly and awkward till it gets up in the air, and then it's a swallow. It has cruising speed of 100 miles an hour and full speed of 140 miles.

Becker reluctantly agreed to take me along. He didn't want to. In fact, he suggested to me that I might be dropped on the way, to take a boat home. I politely agreed—with my tongue in my cheek.

The plane was to start from Curtiss Field, Long Island, stop at Philadelphia, Hampton Roads, where the radio was to be installed, Charleston, South Carolina, and Miami. Father, Floyd Gibbons, and I took a train down to Miami and picked the plane up there.

We were each allowed only one suitcase. One suitcase for six weeks. No doubt about it, it did have its draw-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The author, Alicia Patterson. Above, the giant amphibian Liberty, in which the party toured the West Indies by air.

[AIR YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN]
Continued from page fifteen

backs. Father and Becker kept to the agreement—Floyd and I cheated just a bit. I had one suitcase and a miniature hand bag for my brushes. I tried to pass it off without enormous success as a large-sized pocketbook. But Floyd had one baby trunk (he stoutly maintained it was a suitcase because of its handle), a typewriter (according to Floyd no good newspaper man can write without one), and three husky cameras, one a movie. It turned out later he had never taken any pictures before except with a Brownie. "Never too late to learn," he informed us cheerily.

Father and Becker both looked rather black as the baggage was stowed in the plane, but Floyd and I kept the conversation in a light vein until the motors were warmed up and we were ready to start. Then it was too late.

We all climb into the plane, Becker yells, "All set," we taxi down from the ramp into the water, make a few turns, Becker gives her the gun, and we are off for Havana, on the 7th of December, 9:35 A. M.

The cabin would have been almost luxurious had it not been for the radio (lent us by the navy) and Floyd's cameras. As it was, we managed pretty well. I had the worst of it. They stuck me anywhere there was an extra cranny because of my size. I was draped around the baggage most of the time.

We had a grand day for the flight—no head winds to speak of, and good visibility. The motors were working well, turning up 1,400 revolutions and cruising at ninety miles per hour. Our altitude was around 2,000 feet. A glorious sight, those keys, from the air. All the pastel shades melted together to make a perfect picture.

FATHER and I, both hopeful student pilots, tried to learn something about navigation from the maps; Floyd enthused in his log book; Roe sent and received messages in a most matter-of-fact fashion; Becker drove the plane; and Sutter, sitting with him, kept his eyes on the various gadgets, to see nothing went wrong.

Sutter and Roe are sworn buddies in spite of their diverse temperaments. They have flown together in the navy. Sutter is a stubby man with light hair, blue eyes, and the most contagious smile in the world. He loves to laugh, talk, work, and have his occasional glass of beer. Unusually likable. Roe, on the other hand, is more profound. A former school-teacher in his home town, he left the contemplative life to "see the world." A tall, lank, dark fellow, he hasn't much to say. He looks like some ascetic medieval monk in the radio helmet he wears.

Historic Morro Castle at the entrance to the harbor of Havana, Cuba.

We left the last of the keys after an hour and a half flying, and struck south across open water. Rather a curious feeling, sitting in a five-ton ship, whizzing through the air, with nothing below you except water.

After two hours we sighted Havana—at least, Becker did. It took us another three minutes to make out the dark shadow of Cuba. Thirty minutes more and we were there. Becker had hit Havana right on the nose. Not an inch off to either side. We circled around the harbor and came down on the water for a perfect landing,

Just before the hop-off from Miami, Florida. Fr J. M. Patterson, the owner; Floyd Gibbons, Radio at Miami, who supplied the party with w at left, and C. J. Sutter, expert mechanic, b

at fifty miles an hour. At our right lay the spot where the Maine was wrecked; above us towered the forbidding walls of Morro Castle

We climbed up on top of the ship to contemplate our historic setting, and incidentally to wait for a launch to take us ashore. We waited, and waited, and waited. The sun was hot and we were hungry. We did appreciate the view, but we thought how much more interesting it would be if we could first fill the void in our stomachs. One hour passed, two hours, and still nothing happened. A couple of rowboats came around, filled with little dark boys who yelled unintelligible remarks in Spanish. No one in the party knew Spanish. We yelled back at them without any visible progress.

FINALLY, after two hours and a half, a boat with some Cuban officials hove into sight. Becker had to do all the negotiating, because of his job as captain of the Liberty. While he was trying to make himself understood, father and Floyd extracted the baggage with much difficulty and stowed it on the launch. The papers all signed, we started for shore, when another boat put in its appearance, and a Cuban with a lot of gold braid on his coat told us to put all the baggage back on the plane, so it could be examined there. We argued. We talked. We gesticulated. All we could get out of this *hombre* was a shrug of the shoulders and a repetition of the phrase, "But it ees the law, what can I do?" We finally gave up.

It turned out later that we had arrived on a holiday,

Photo by J. S. Gibbens

ght: Captain Frederick Becker, pilot of the plane; erson, and E. F. Bourne, manager of Tropical rts. In the plane are J R. Roe, radio operator, n were loaned to the expedition by the navy.

and all the more important officials had gone away.

Sutter and Roe stayed on the ship. The rest of us went to the Hotel Sevilla Biltmore. Roe and Sutter were a lot smarter than we were, however. Before we had reached shore, they had used persuasive powers on the natives to fetch them some beer, sandwiches, and a boy to give them a shoe-shine. They don't either of them speak the language, but they had some sort of a system worked out. They would begin by shouting "Hay, *hombre*" (which means "Say, you"). After they had attracted someone's attention, they would start in with a sign language, pointing to their mouths, shoes, or any other part of their anatomy that needed attention. They always got what they wanted. You can't put anything over on the navy.

WE spent four days in Havana. We were intending to leave before that, but a norther blew up to delay us. As a matter of fact, it almost delayed us permanently. The ships in the harbor dragged anchor, and a couple of them came bearing down on the plane. Only the resourcefulness and courage of Sutter and Roe saved the Liberty. As it was, a fishing schooner crashed into one of the pontoons and dented it.

Honduras was to have been our next stop, but we decided to make the Lindbergh circle the wrong way, going by way of Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Trinidad, South America, the Panama Canal, and Central America. By doing this we would give the motors a chance to prove their worth, not to mention ourselves.

Havana is a nice city with its wide avenues, stucco houses, and beautiful women. We didn't see much of the ladies. They keep them pretty well locked up. We saw a cockfight, a jai alai game, Morro Castle, and the shops. We had a grand time, but I was glad to leave the following Tuesday, bound for Santiago de Cuba, a 500-mile hop, bucking head winds the whole day.

We arrived at the plane at 10:30, December 11, with all the baggage. Becker, Sutter, and Roe were already there. Father was lugging the cameras under protest, while Floyd was making himself useful in pigeon Spanish. We took off at 10:45, only to make a circle and land. Three of the spark plugs were out of commission from the salt water. A delay of fifteen minutes, and we were off again, the plane carrying a full load of gas.

We skirted the coast till we reached Cienfuegos, then we cut inland over some pretty stiff mountains. Not much fun, this mountain flying, with a five-ton ship. The weather was smeary, and the ceiling was low. We lumbered over the mountains, lurching down on the other side, never sure we were going to make the next one. Father was nervous, and I didn't care much. I was beginning to realize what the word airsickness meant. As a matter of fact, we all felt rotten, but I'm the only one who will admit it.

AFTER what seemed hours we struck the sea. Father signaled Becker to follow the coastline to Manzanillo, and land there instead of going on to Santiago. We were all rather woozy and the prospect of another hour in the air didn't particularly thrill us.

We landed in the harbor at Manzanillo at 4 P. M. after five and one-half hours. Manzanillo is a typical Mexican town. I've never been to Mexico, but that's the way a town there ought to look.

The whole place turned out to look us over. A rowboat came to take us ashore—Becker and I went first. We walked down the main street of the town to the hotel, with a crowd of 500 kids behind us. I felt like the Pied Piper himself.

The docks and harbor at Port au Prince, Haiti

We started from Manzanillo the next morning at 10 o'clock for Santiago. We left our anchor, quite by mistake, behind us as a souvenir. It slipped from Sutter's hand as he was pulling it up. We waited around a few minutes for some of the divers to rescue it. No luck.

It was a short hop—only 100 miles, and good going the whole way. We were cruising at ninety miles an hour. The motors were new and Becker didn't want to work them too hard at first. They were almost human, those motors. We christened them Alexander and Josephine. Josephine was as temperamental as a woman. She would sputter and fuss every time she was cranked up. When she finally got going she acted beautifully, but it was no use trying to chastise her. It seemed to irritate her and make her balky. Alexander, on the other hand, was the typical hard-working, dependable business man. He never misbehaved; but then, he never outdid himself. Personally I preferred his more colorful missus.

We skirted the coast south to Santiago, a pretty pic-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AIR YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN]
Continued from page seventeen

ture from the air. You get a frivolous notion of a country, flying over it. Not at all impressive. Rather like a dolls' playground laid out for your amusement. Trivial and completely charming.

We landed in the harbor at Santiago in about an hour and a half, and were met by the Standard Oil Company and a launchful of officials. These launches haven't yet learned the importance of being careful. They come charging down on the plane in group formation, a Sir Launcelot standing in front wielding a mammoth boat hook. They have that look of "do or die" on their faces. It is practically impossible to dissuade them from plunging the boat hook right through the wing.

Sutter was our savior. He would get out on top of the ship and start something like this: "Say, you *hombres,* what the hell do you think this is, anyhow — a battleship?" He would continue in this vein, getting more vehement by seconds, and shaking his fist at the bewildered Cubans, till they withdrew hurriedly to a safer site. In spite of the diversity in language, Sutter always seemed to put his point across. He wasn't going to have his plane ruined.

Morro Castle at Santiago de Cuba, stormed and captured by Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer (at right), in the 17th century, and surrendered by the Spanish to the American forces in 1898.

WE all went ashore except the crew, and drove up to the hotel for luncheon. It was a lovely hotel and the food was delicious. I didn't discover the catch until later. The church bells ring at fifteen-minute periods, starting at 6 A. M. No chance of matinal slumber.

After Becker had finished all the paper work (official red tape of getting the plane in and out of the country) we set out for the famous San Juan Hill, where Roosevelt made a name and a nation was released from bondage. Quite a place, that hill. You have to hand it to the Yanks, they made a great attack.

Our guide showed us El Morro Castle, where Henry Morgan, the English buccaneer, made his successful attack. A cruel man, but a great leader, he never knew what the word defeat meant. He ravaged the whole of the West Indies with a handful of half-naked desperadoes. He hated the Spanish with a demoniacal hatred. He despised their smartly uniformed soldiers and their perfumed generals. He is reported to have made the remark, after his capture of Santiago, that he could have held the fort against the whole Spanish force with a gun and a good dog. After thoroughly exploiting the Caribbean he was made *Sir* Henry Morgan, Governor of Jamaica. The English love a brave fighter. Besides, it was more profitable to be with him than against him.

Next day we flew over to Guantanamo Bay for luncheon, and to look over Uncle Sam's navy station. I piloted the plane for a while, and it was a big kick. Much harder to fly than an open two-seater. It has a wheel instead of a stick. I seemed always to turn the wheel too far to the right or left. The ship would go off on one wing, I'd madly turn the wheel the other way, and she would fall off on the opposite wing. Rather disconcerting.

After we got back to Santiago that afternoon, a representative of the Bacardi Rum Company offered to show us through the factory. Vats upon vats of molasses in every different stage of fermentation; endless barrels stored away, waiting to be properly aged. Thin, long, aristocratic bottles, filled with the choicest vintage, to be sent to the homes of the rich; chubby, squat bottles of liqueur; and beer bottles of new, raw rum, a favorite of the natives. Only twenty-five cents a bottle. Everyone drinks there, but you rarely see anyone inarticulate or off balance.

The next day we were off again. This time for Port au Prince, Haiti. A great life, this vagabonding around the Caribbean. Never staying too long in one place, never worrying about clothes, and never quite knowing where your next destination will be.

POOR Becker — he wasn't feeling any too well that day. Complained of a pain in his neck. Said he had a hard time holding his head up. He was plucky, though. Insisted on making the trip. We could see him from the cabin, driving the plane with one hand, his other hand propping up his head. The same thought came to all of us. What if he should faint?

He didn't faint, and we had a grand trip. A 270-mile hop in a little over three hours. And then! To me the biggest thrill of the whole trip. Just as we were within shouting distance of Port au Prince, I looked up. Six Vought Corsairs dropped from nowhere right on our tail. Six of the prettiest little planes you ever saw, flying in perfect formation. Six swallows chasing an eagle. They cavorted around us, looping, side-slipping, spinning. And then Becker gave our amphibian the gun. The old plane quivered an instant and then leaped forward to 140 miles. She wasn't going to be outdone by any cocky two-seater.

We landed in the harbor, and I climbed up on top of the plane to give the six Voughts a salute. In my excitement I forgot my purse lying next to me. The propellers started and my purse flew overboard. As far as I know, this is the first time a purse has ever been lost overboard from an amphibian. Also, it had fifty-five dollars in it.

An official boat came out to meet us. As usual, it nearly knocked off one of the wings. There were a few bitter words from Sutter.

We went ashore, paid our respects to General John Russell, the *pontifex magnifico,* and were taken over to the Russells' for luncheon. Becker went straight to bed. He was a sick man. They had a charming house, set right in the side of a mountain and overlooking the priceless bay. I liked Haiti, an easy, happy-go-lucky sort of existence. Nothing to think about except food. You forget all about ambition, the stock exchange, and for-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Sold in 5c packages from this jar; never sold in bulk

CHICOS

THE NEW SPANISH PEANUTS

You never knew there *could* be peanuts like Chicos. They're Spanish. They're roasted. Then *toasted* over an open fire. Then blanched, salted just the right amount . . . What flavor! What delicious crispness!

To keep all that wonderful flavor and freshness, Chicos are sealed in glassine bags. Packed in air-tight boxes. Sold from an air-tight jar.

For a *nickel* all that crispy, crunchy goodness is yours. Wherever you see the gay Chicos jar. Be one of the first to try them *today!* One bag . . . and you're a Chicos fan for life.

Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago
OTTO SCHNERING, *President*

MAKERS OF BABY RUTH CANDY AND BABY RUTH GUM

Suez boatman bucks up British pipe-smoker!

Stranded in Port Said . . . divil a bit of Edgeworth . . . ardent pipe-smoker is thrown a welcome "line" . . .

HE was a long, long way from home—was Mr. Read. A thousand miles from dear old Lunnon—a thousand miles from Calcutta. To make matters worse, his stock of his favorite tobacco was gone. Life seemed blue indeed, when—Eureka!—from the hold of a dory a Suez boatman offered a humidor tin of Edgeworth . . . and the sun broke through the clouds.

It's queer how a man will carry his likes and dislikes into a foreign land. You might think that a man stranded in Port Said would welcome *any* kind of tobacco. But not so! There's a flavor about Edgeworth that once in the pipe is there to stay—a quality that pipe-smokers all over the world insist on having—and none other.

If you would like to become acquainted with Edgeworth pipe-tobacco, let us send you a few pipe-loads of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice (both for your pipe). Simply send your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these trial packages you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for the taste of dear old Edgeworth is *always* the same.

13 Woodburn Park Rd., Calcutta, India
March 10, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I have smoked Edgeworth for several years. I commenced buying the little blue tins in England more years ago than I care to remember, and I think I can safely lay claim to the originatorship of the agitation that gave us Edgeworth here in India in the vacuum-packed tins.

Traveling out to India on one occasion I found myself at Liverpool, within two hours of sailing time, with a very small quantity of my tobacco. The few tobacco shops in Birkenhead stocking Edgeworth could supply me with a very limited amount, and the ship's bar kept none. My stock lasted me until we reached Port Said, our first port of call. At Port Said, divil a bit of Edgeworth could I find.

That evening, slipping along the Suez Canal, I was approached on deck by one of the canal pilot's boatmen—hairy and vociferous gentlemen who eke out their wages as boatmen by selling glutinous Turkish Delight, synthetic amber beads, and Egyptian cigarettes to unwary passengers. None of his wares appealed to me, but we chatted amicably enough about the cost of living in Ismailia, the price of dates, and other topics safely within his range. Idly, I asked him if he had any tobacco. He said he had, tucked away in his boat somewhere. He spoke as if the 'baccy were not fit for human consumption, and I lost interest in the matter.

A few hours later I received the shock of my life. My friend the boatman approached me with the largest glass jar of tobacco I had ever seen in my life and—God bless my soul, it was Edgeworth!

He had got it off an American ship in exchange for a mouldy box of dates, or something equally piffling. He would have been bucked with a shilling for the jar—"humidor," I think you call it—and when I gave him five he very nearly fell into the canal in his excitement!

Really, your sailors are very poor judges of value.

I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,
An Englishman
(Mr. G. C. Read)

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from pocket packages to handsome pound humidor tins, and also in several handy in-between sizes. Plug Slice Edgeworth is made specially for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" a pipeful at a time in the palm of the hand.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

eign relations. Your only desire in life is to have your afternoon siesta, and perhaps a swim. Anything else seems completely unimportant.

The natives are grand physical specimens. Tall African men and women, beautifully made. They carry everything on their head, even shoes. You can see the women start down from the hills every Thursday, carrying their goods for market day. The men stay at home and tend the fields. It takes two good walking days to reach Port au Prince. The women stay at Port au Prince Saturday, bartering their goods and exchanging bits of gossip. It is their only chance to pass the time of day with their friends. Then back again on Sunday. A hard life, but they seem to love it. Always laughing and making French wise cracks. Funny to hear these darkies talking to each other in French.

That afternoon father and I went with the Russells to call on President and Mrs. Borno. The palace is an unaffected building. Simple lines, with no attempt at gaudy decoration. Really nice.

The president and his missus are both well educated and pleasing "colored." In Haiti the aristocrats are usually part white, the working people black.

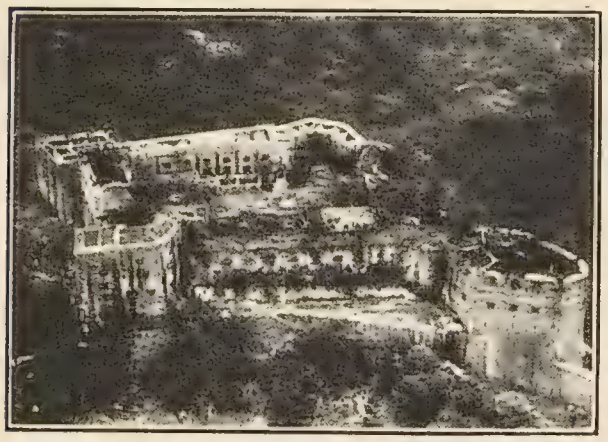
The following morning the marines took Floyd, father, and myself for a flight over the citadel in three of their Vought Corsairs. The route was over three hefty mountain ranges. It certainly was stiff enough for me. My pilot, Lieutenant R. H. Rhoades, was a typical air bird. He scorned the mountains and perilous caverns. With a flirt of its tail he sent the Vought skimming over the 4,000-foot peaks. Safely over, we zoomed down into the valley again, to wave a hello to the thatched cottages nestled safely by the river.

After an hour's flying we sighted Christophe's citadel. It stood out against the sky like a huge ship. Perched on a mountain 3,000 feet above the sea, it tells a story of heartbreak, death, and futility. A great monument to and by a Negro—a Negro who chased the whites from the island and crowned himself emperor. He built the citadel to protect himself and his people from any further attack from the French.

The elaborate façade of the Haitian emperor's palace, long deserted. It stands in a ravine near his citadel.

DOWN in a ravine behind the citadel, we witnessed another bit of Christophe's handiwork—his palace, Sans Souci. A once beautiful building, it caters now only to the snakes, lizards, and monkeys.

We landed at Cape Haitien, on the other side of the island, and visited the ruins of Pauline Bonaparte's castle, where she once made merry in true French manner. Wit, gayety, champagne, and love. It is hard to resurrect these days of splendor. Cape Haitian has fallen sadly into decay.

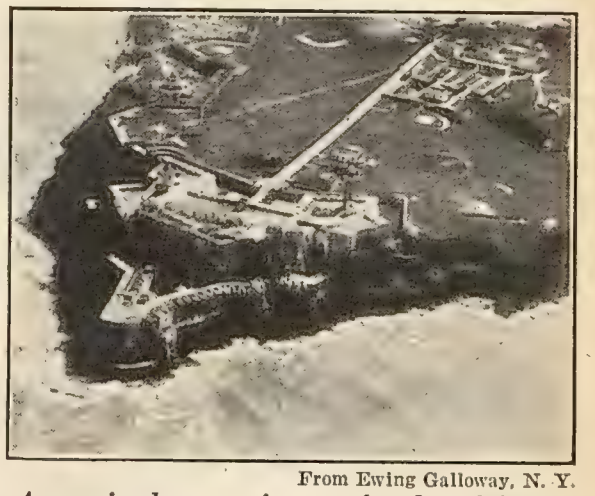


Christophe's Citadel of Laferriere, in northern Haiti, completed by the Negro emperor about 1818.

We flew back in record time, 120 miles an hour with the wind on our tail. We landed in Port au Prince. Some swell news greeted us. Becker was in quarantine—diphtheria. It seems he carried the germ all the way from New York. He had a lot of pluck—tried to fight it off. Couldn't be done. It overtook him finally.

But not till he got the ship safely on land. He realized the shape he was in—got out of bed, took the plane off the water, and put it down on the field. Then he admitted defeat and went to the hospital. Becker comes from Prussian ancestry—it was probably from them he learned the word duty. His only real interest is in the air. He would rather study weather conditions and maps than go on a party.

We went to call on him in the hospital. He was pretty cut up about it. Blamed himself. He suggested that we get another pilot and go on without him. Of course father wouldn't consent. As we were leaving the hospital a couple of doctors nabbed us and shot us full of antitoxin. My arm hurt for a week. It doesn't always pay to do the right thing by your friends.



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

An airplane view of the Morro Castle at San Juan, Porto Rico, with the golf links in the background.

WE had two weeks on our hands—till Becker got out of the pesthouse. A boat was leaving for the Panama Canal next day. We took it.

We landed at Colon in four days' time. Spent two days there. Saw the submarine base at Coco Solo, and had a grand flight in three Loening planes over the canal. I was extremely lucky to get the chance. They don't encourage lady enthusiasts. In fact, I believe I am the third woman that has ever flown across.

From the air the canal looks like a silver ribbon binding the two oceans together. The locks are the buckles that hold it fast. I had imagined it would look bigger, more imposing. I didn't realize how very dignified and important it was till I came to earth and visited the Gatun Locks.

That same day we flew over to pay our respects to Dr. Frank M. Chapman and his island primeval, Barro Colorado. Barro Colorado was originally a mountain peak. In the damming of the Chagres River, the water rose, making it an island. The animals migrated there to save themselves. The island is now used for natural research work. Dr. Chapman spends his winters there, studying birds and their habits. An extraordinary place. A Garden of Eden unspoiled by woodcutters and amateur sportsmen. The only law is the law of Nature. The weaker animals are killed by the stronger. The less sturdy trees are strangled by their more vigorous neighbors. A cruel law, but how else could Nature keep her balance?

At the end of two days we crossed the famous railroad from Colon to Panama, and spent another two days there being royally entertained by General and Mrs. Le Roy Irwin. Then back again on the Cristobal to pick up Becker and our air yacht at Port au Prince.

Becker was still feeling pretty shaky when we got back. He had a hard time moving his six foot two around. The doctor advised another two days' rest. Father, an insatiable mover, had to be on his way. He procured an automobile, piled Floyd and myself into it, and we started out for Santo Domingo, the Spanish half of the island. Floyd and I protested mildly. We are alike in that we both dislike to be pushed into things with unseemly haste.

It was a nice drive, though—the rugged, rocky, tameless Haiti in contrast to the Old-World civilization of Spain. We had a very modern driver. Nothing about the Old World in that fellow. He took everything on one wheel, including a goat and a cat.

Santo Domingo is a romantic sort of place. Guitars,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AIR YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN
Continued from page twenty-one]

soft glances, moonlit piazzas. We visited a wonderful old church where Columbus is believed to be buried. There is a wreath on his tomb from Lindbergh.

Becker flew over to Santo Domingo in record time. Ninety minutes in comparison to our nine hours. He landed in the river, but changed later to the flying field.

We stayed in the Dominican Republic one day and two nights—time enough for father and Floyd to pay their respects to President Horacio Vasquez, and for me to ruin my foot by stepping on a sea porcupine. I took a swim with father late in the afternoon at a famous swimming beach, Boca Chica, guaranteed to be free of barracudas and sharks. I swam out a good ways to the reef, put my foot down to sound the depth, and brought it down smack on a submarine porcupine. A round, black, disagreeable-looking thing, covered with sharp spikes. I expect it was cross at having its afternoon siesta disturbed. Anyhow, it shot practically all its spikes into my foot. Very uncomfortable. I swam back to shore with my foot out of water, it hurt so.

Father is great on first aid. He fetched a venomous-looking pocketknife and was all set to hack my foot to pieces, when a strange barefoot Indian appeared. He stopped father almost by force. He couldn't speak English.

He motioned to me to take three swallows of salt water, muttered some unintelligible words in Spanish, and waved his arms over me. Father was skeptical—voodoo stuff. I didn't care much at that point. After the water cure, this medicine doctor squatted on the sand, made a fire of coconut shells, and heated some sort of magic wax over it. He put the red-hot salve all over my foot, holding the burning shells near to keep it hot. After an hour the pain started going; in two hours it was gone.

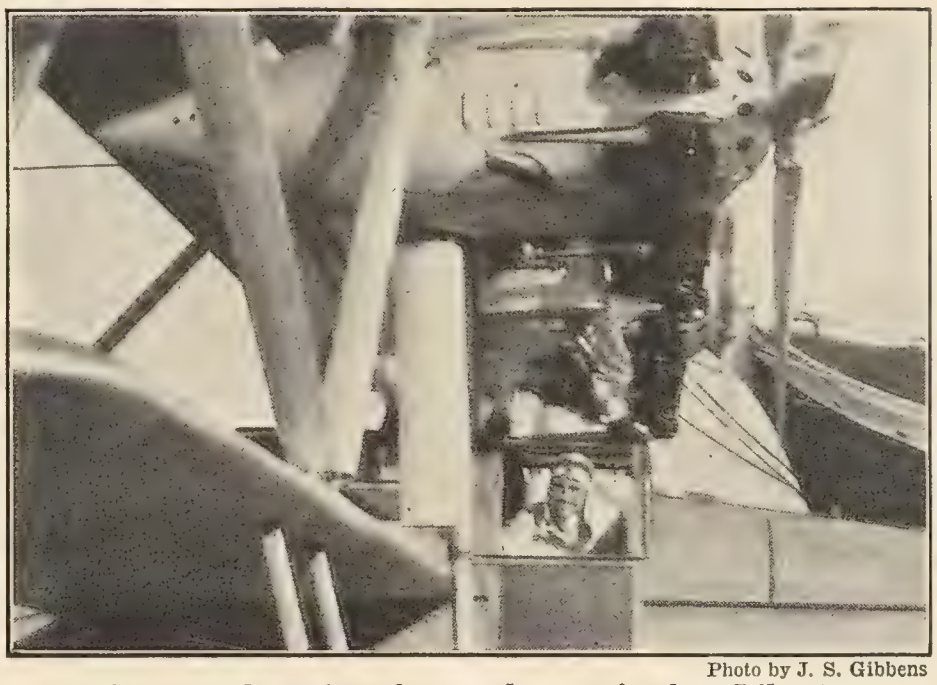


Photo by J. S. Gibbens

Pilot Becker in the cockpit of the Liberty, superintending the final inspection of the motors before jumping off from Miami.

WE found out later that the mysterious ointment was nothing more than hot candle grease. It is practically the only way to draw out the poisonous barbs. Cutting them out with a knife only breaks them off and infects the foot.

The flight to San Juan, Porto Rico, was difficult in that we had to battle head winds the whole way. Becker changed his course at one point to avoid a rain squall. He started revving up the motors to 1,550—an air speed of over 100 miles an hour. He figured they were pretty well broken in by that time.

We followed the coastline of San Domingo, headed northeast over open water, and soon afterward we sighted Porto Rico. We flew low over Porto Rico, 300 feet, and got some idea of the terrible havoc the hurricane caused. Rows upon rows of trampled palm trees, funny little makeshift huts put together with corrugated iron and a few slats of wood, acres of wasted coffee plants. The island is dotted with curious hills—like an ice-cream cone turned upside down.

We landed in the harbor, and were met by the American officials. I was a little embarrassed by my costume. I guess the American officials were, too. I had given up dresses for a pair of men's pants cut off at the knee with nail scissors, a boy's shirt, and no stockings at all. Perhaps not exactly conventional, but certainly a lot more comfortable.

We were driven to a most excellent hotel and all went for a swim. This time in a pool. No more picturesque beaches for me!

WE had planned to stop two days, but fate intervened and we stayed five. I suppose it was our fault, but how were we to know?

On the second day we had planned a flight to St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands. It was only a short hop, 100 miles. We intended to fly over there for lunch and come back the same day. Unfortunately, Becker had taken the Liberty from the harbor and landed it on the land field. We came out early in the morning to make the flight, only to find the plane mired deep in the mud. It had rained the night before, and the field, as yet new, couldn't drain off. It was a matter of several hours before Becker could extricate the plane and bring it down on the water again. By that time it was already 2:30 P. M. Becker was leery of making the flight so late in the day, but father insisted. As I mentioned before, he is an insatiable mover.

A bird's-eye view of Cape Haitien, which before its destruction by slaves in revolt was known as the Paris of the West Indies.

The trip was fine. We landed at St. Thomas in an hour's time, said how-do-you-do to Governor Waldo Evans, gave a quick look around us, and started back. St. Thomas, at one time a proud possession of Denmark, boasted one of the biggest rum industries in the world. Money flowed in and out of the island like water. America took it over—prohibition was installed. The island is still beautiful, but the prosperity is gone. At least, that's the story.

We flew back to San Juan in forty minutes, over two miles a minute. The wind on our tail, and the motors open—a thrilling flight. Becker landed in the harbor—he wasn't going to risk a soggy field again. We went ashore to celebrate New Year's Eve, leaving Sutter and Roe to gas up. It was a muggy day. The sun was almost down. It was 8 P. M. before the two mechanics were done refueling.

Roe went inside the cabin to light a lantern for the plane's wing. He struck a match. There was a terrific explosion. Then another. Roe was forced through the cabin into the water. Sutter was blown off the front hatch. The flames were licking their way toward the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

INTERNATIONAL
SIX-SPEED
SPECIAL

The
2-Speed
Axle

The Only Speed Truck Built with *Two Complete Power Ranges*

This truck will out-pull—out-climb—out-perform any truck of similar rating under full load

This new 1-ton truck—the International Six-Speed Special—has already rolled up a remarkable reputation, not only in this country, but also in Canada and foreign lands.

Sales have been breaking records from the first and the performance of the truck has been setting new records in every kind of hard hauling.

No other truck built is like The Six-Speed Special. It has a 2-speed axle, as indicated in the illustration, giving it six speeds forward and two reverse—making two complete power ranges. A light shift of the auxiliary lever throws from one range to the other instantly. And there you are—as the going demands—fleet speed for the straightaway or ten times the pulling power for capacity loads in the toughest going, or for any emergency.

There are four-wheel brakes to balance the speed with safety; every chassis member is designed and built to stand the strain of the tremendous tractive power; and the engine itself demonstrates real all-around operating economy.

See this unusual truck—drive it—try it on your job—give it any test you want. You've never seen a truck built like The Six-Speed Special and you've never seen one equal its performance.

And you'll like the low price as well as the truck.

INTERNATIONAL

The International line also includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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(INCORPORATED)
606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

[AIR YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN]
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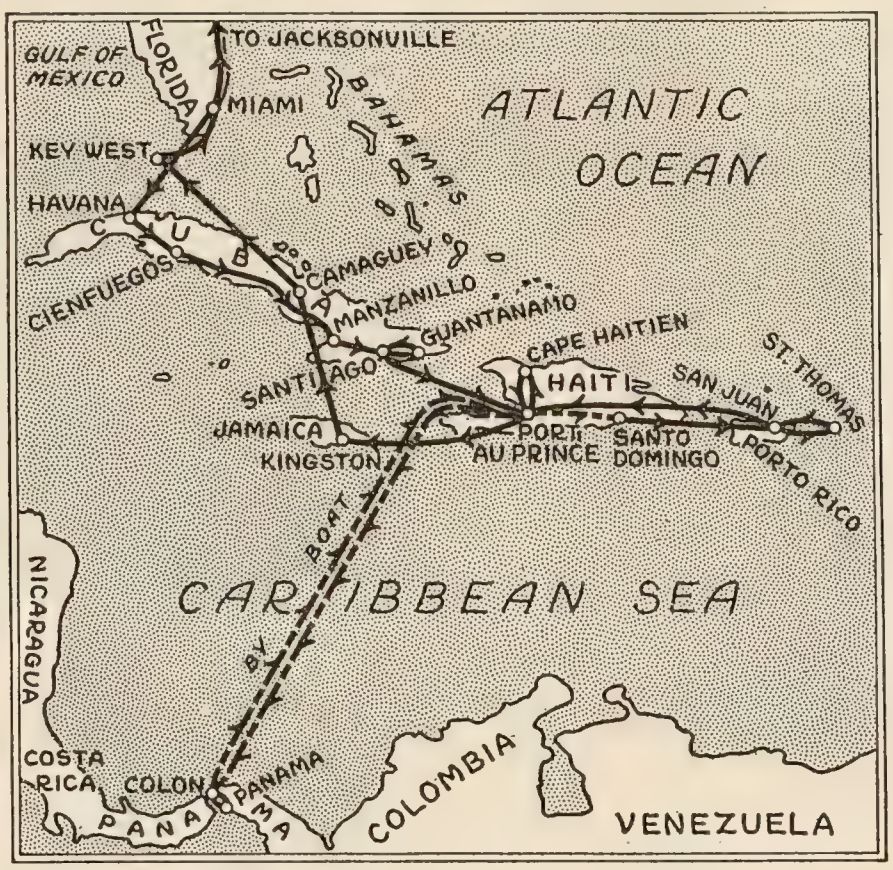
gasoline tank. Roe was badly burned and in frightful pain. Sutter was stunned. Yet in less than three minutes both men were back on the ship, fighting the fire with pyrenes. Unmindful of the danger, they risked the explosion of the gasoline tank to save another man's plane. Sutter was overcome by the gas fumes. Roe pulled him away just in time. Within the next few minutes the fire was out.

Roe, with both arms raw from burns and his eyebrows and forehead badly singed, went ashore, made his report to his captain, and went to the hospital. Sutter remained on the ship. A swell New Year.

Went to see Roe the next day. He didn't want to be left behind. We waited for him three days. It was useless. The doctor said it was dangerous for him to leave in less than two weeks.

We wandered around Porto Rico aimlessly for the next three days. There was nothing much to do and we were worried about the radio situation. Should we get another man to take Roe's place, or go on and hope we wouldn't have to send out any S. O. S.? Our longest water hop, from Port au Prince to Jamaica, was ahead of us. Luckily the problem was very nicely solved by the navy. They agreed to lend us another man, who was then stationed at Porto Rico. We hated to leave Roe behind, but what else was there to do?



The cruise of the air yacht Liberty.

In the interim between the explosion and our departure for Port au Prince, father and I paid a visit to Governor and Mrs. Towner, and they showed us through the wonderful palace the governor occupies. It is a relic of the days when Spain ruled the Caribbean. Four centuries of hurricanes, wind, and rain have not affected its sturdy grandeur.

It was the first fortification erected in Porto Rico. The Spanish colonists, fearful of British buccaneers, sent a plea to Charles V, potent ruler of Spain, for protection. Let it be said for Spain that she spared neither money nor men. The walls are five feet thick, the doors are barricaded with great iron bars. There is a turret for observation, so fashioned with openings that it was practicable for musket fire. There is a secret stairway for escape.

BESIDES being a formidable fortress, the castle was lavishly decorated and beautified. Nothing was too good for the Spanish governor. Exquisite cut-glass windows, oaken stairways, a huge throne room, and frivolous reception chambers for the fabled ladies of Spain.

We left Porto Rico with a strong wind behind us and a high ceiling over our heads. The Liberty jumped up to 130 miles an hour and stayed there. The wind and the plane were one, streaking in unison toward a common goal.

Fogg, the new radio operator, was a kid only twenty years old. It was his first flight. The ordinary mortal might have been fussed—not Fogg. He rolled out the antennæ as soon as we reached sufficient altitude and started immediately sending and receiving messages. A most blasé young man. He did write us a note, though—it read: "I darn near fainted when they told me I could go on the trip, I was so thrilled."

We landed on the field at Port au Prince, made a few good-by calls, got a good night's sleep, and started out next day, Jamaica bound. It was our longest water hop—270 miles. We were heading out into the temperamental trade winds toward a small island somewhere southwest of Haiti. A mistake in judgment and we would miss the island altogether. We didn't have more than six hours of gas. We had to hit it right.

I suppose we all realized this, though nobody said anything. We followed the coastline of Haiti as far as we could. We were a little backward in bidding it good-by.

Then the water hop. It seemed hours. Water, water, water. I looked at the compass. It seemed to me Becker was flying too much to the south and not enough west. I forgot to take into account his allowance for the winds. That didn't help my state of mind then, however. Not a ship in sight. I had visions of landing on the sea and staying there permanently.

I misjudged Becker. I should have known he would bring us there safely. Not only did he reach Jamaica, but he reached the exact spot he was aiming for, the easternmost tip. He followed the southern coast till we sighted Kingston, our destination. We landed by Mr. Meyer's Jamaica rum factory.

IT turned out later that we were all wrong. The American consul, Mr. José Olivares, came out to meet us, and told us we would have to go to Port Royal, seven miles away, and land there to be examined. We landed there where Morgan had landed 250 years before, and were greeted by a boatload of doctors and sight-seers. English ladies and gentlemen, giving us the once-over through lorgnettes. They couldn't quite make out my abbreviated shorts. The plane was quite a curiosity. The first one, except an American navy plane which made a forced landing and caused a mild diplomatic incident, that had ever landed there.

Mr. Olivares came chugging up in his motorboat a half hour later, and took us over to Kingston. What a sea! The little boat was almost swamped a couple of times. Father, Floyd, and I were a pale green. I don't think our American friend liked it any too well, either.

A reception committee met us at the hotel. I was feeling a little shy. My poor shorts had been getting any number of dirty looks. I made a dash for my room and tried to make myself respectable. Kind of a hard job, with a suitcase full of tired clothes.

Our next move was a call on the governor, Sir Edward Stubbs. Poor Mr. Olivares, he hadn't had a chance to change his pants. They were still wet from our bumpy boat ride. The governor is oh so formal, and the pools of water that dripped from the bedraggled consul all over his well appointed drawing-room were met with a very English look.

Kingston has an English manner, in spite of its tropical setting. Even the natives speak with an English accent. We had two days of dinners, luncheons, and touristing. Floyd lost his other pair of white pants, and I made my first after-dinner speech, which, by the way, I muffed completely.

I hated to leave for Camaguey. It was sort of fun being menagerie specimens.

The flight to Cuba was easier in that we had a bigger target to aim at. The weather conditions, however, were not as favorable. Three times Becker had to change his course to avoid rain squalls and mist-covered mountains. The wind slapped around in every conceivable direction. It was almost impossible to keep the compass course. When we did sight the hills of Cuba, they were covered with a blanket of fog. We followed the coastline as far

as possible and then cut inland. Camaguey was a welcome sight to all of us. We landed on the Pan-American Field, six miles from town, with no means of conveyance.

There was a truck standing at the other end of the field. Floyd, with a reporter's expertness, wangled us a drive to town. It might have been a pleasant ride if we hadn't been tired, hungry, and cross, and if the road had lived up to its name. It was nothing more than an abandoned cow path.

We stopped at the first hotel we came to. We had wanted to stay at the other one. We didn't have the strength to go on.

We had luncheon and slept all afternoon. What cared we for sight-seeing? That night we were lucky enough to have dinner with Dr. William Mayo. He had flown from Manzanillo in an effort to reach Tex Rickard's bedside.

We had dinner in a quaint old hotel, a former Spanish cavalry barracks. It was all fixed over, though, and one didn't mind at all eating where the horses had once slept. We discussed socialism, animal vivisection, and house boats. Dr. Mayo has one. He takes trips up and down the Mississippi in it. He is a most charming man.

BEFORE leaving the fair city of Camaguey we stopped to visit a church where Henry Morgan had imprisoned 400 of the townsfolk. He threatened them with starvation unless they divulged the hiding place of their treasures. Only a very few left the church alive.

Next day back again to the U. S. A. —Key West, Florida. A nice, peaceful hop. We made very good time, with the wind on our tail. We saw the multicolored keys and their gay little fishing boats. We regretfully waved good-by to Cuba. Our trip was almost over and we felt sad. The elements seemed to sense our feelings and put themselves out to be particularly agreeable.

We landed on the field at Key West with a cold norther blowing. A death knell to our brief tropical winter. The field, an obsolete relic of the mail planes, was rocky and too short. As we touched the ground a couple of rocks left two jagged holes in the wing fabric. We climbed out of the plane. The wind blew right through us. B-r-r! I vow no arctic winter could have seemed more cruel.

After an unconscionable amount of paper work, we decided we must be through. We made a bee line for the hotel, some lunch, and a little bit of friendly steam heat.

We didn't see father any more that day. He waved us a hurried good-by and started out barracuda hunting. Next to flying, fishing lies nearest his heart. As it happened, he chose a most inopportune time. An hour after he had gone we had a peremptory summons to appear at the doctor's office. We hadn't been examined. The message stated unless we all appeared for the examination at 4 P. M.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Norman Rockwell tells Jim Henry

JIM HENRY—*famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. . . . This photograph shows him talking to Norman Rockwell, the famous painter. . . . Mr. Rockwell is seen working on a painting for the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post.*

"I can put more *Chuckles* in my pictures when I've had this COOL shave"

NORMAN ROCKWELL:—"Sure, Jim, I'll give you the dope on the artistic shave. . . I like to paint hoboes, but I certainly don't like to *look* like one. . . That's why I shave carefully—every day. . . Being a particular cuss, I've experimented with shaving creams almost as much as I've experimented with colors.

"I guess I was one of the first to try that Menthol-iced of yours. . . I don't know what's in the cream, but I do know that it gives my face a keen cool tingle that I've never had from any other shaving cream. . . . There's a real kick to it! Some day, maybe, I'll do a painting of a happy shaver with his tube of Mennen. You know, Jim—that would be a self-portrait!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

THERE is a dash and a cool invigoration in Mennen Menthol-iced that is typically young—modern! The lather has a "get-up-and-go" feeling to it that fits in with young ideas. Menthol, blended into the cream by a secret process, gives your shave a mountain-air COOLNESS such as you never felt before! The minute the rich creamy lather bubbles up from the brush you'll say to yourself, "Here *is* something different!"

Dermutation Improves Shaves!

MENNEN Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams have Dermutation — a three-way shaving improvement — exclusively Mennen's. . . . Dermutation 1. Softens the beard. 2. Lubricates the razor blade. 3. Invigorates the skin. The proof is in a trial. *Send the coupon!*

After the shave—Mennen Skin Balm. *It protects the skin and removes "face shine" . . . non-greasy.* Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder that does not show. . . Great after a bath, too!*

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. L-2, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Norman Rockwell say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name.....

Address.....

This magic lotion packs an *expensive, half-hour barber's massage* into ten seconds *and a fraction of the cost*

AN expensive half-hour barber's massage is packed into ten seconds and a fraction of the cost by Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion. Just pat a few drops on your face and rejuvenate at its contact.

Electric, vibrant life leaps to your face. Your blood's awake—at play. Your skin's a glowing, tingling glove—for stretching, youthful muscles. And try to find a wrinkle.

Fougere Royale is styptic, too—a regular first aid lotion that stops bleeding and heals nicks like a family doctor. Try it—and with it Fougere Royale Shaving Cream—a non-caustic, non-irritating blend of "balanced", generous lather that eliminates all smarting and after-shaving burn.

To get the best possible results, try Fougere Royale Talcum. It's soothing, protective and invisible—made especially for men.

Mail the coupon below for free samples mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougere Royale (Royal Fern). They're yours for the writing.

Fougère Royale

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

After-Shaving Lotion

Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept.B 21
539 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

[AIR YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN]
Continued from page twenty-five

the ship would be assessed with a $5,000 fine. A nice little New Year's present. It was then 3 and we had no hope of finding father. The rest of us went anyhow, hoping against hope that the doctor would be a good egg. He was. After a slight scolding, he told us everything would be O. K. We had one pretty bad hour, however.

The next three days were spent fishing. Father and I went out the second day and came back with ten barracudas and a couple of amberjack. We were pretty proud of ourselves. I expect that Floyd and Becker got a little tired of hearing us tell them how good we were. They challenged us the next day. Floyd and Becker took one boat, father and I another. Father and I trolled for five solid hours—not even a nibble. We consoled ourselves with the thought that it was a bad fishing day and the other boat would be just as unlucky. Not at all. We docked at the hotel and were greeted with a pile of fish five feet high. Becker and Floyd never did stop ragging us. They caught not only barracudas, but amberjacks, mutton fish, bonitos, groupers, and Spanish mackerel. There really wasn't much to do except smile weakly and say, "That's great."

Our next stop was to have been Pensacola. Father and I were to leave the ship there and go on to New York by train. At the last minute our plans were changed. We couldn't get a through train from Pensacola. We headed for Jacksonville instead. A 530-mile hop.

We followed the keys down to Miami, flew over Palm Beach and Daytona Beach, the racing drivers' paradise. The weather was getting smeary. We were running into a storm. We cut inland toward Jacksonville. A race with the lowering clouds. We sighted the field, circled around, and started to land. Becker put his hand back to cut the throttle. The plane gave a terrific lurch. Becker quickly steadied it with both hands. He tried again to cut the throttle. Again the plane sagged. We had only 100 feet of altitude. We couldn't afford to lose any. Becker couldn't take his hand off the wheel long enough to cut the throttle. There was a dense forest below us, and the weather was terrible. What a swell ending for the trip if we should crash! We were so near the field—and yet—

We flew at half throttle toward the field. Becker made one more effort, cut the engine, and we glided down to a very pretty landing.

Our trip was over. We all went in different directions, Floyd to Pensacola, father and I to New York, and Becker with the plane to Norfolk to return the navy radio set.

We have planned other trips—to the Mediterranean and up the Congo. I don't know if we'll ever make them. I hope so. I have never had a grander time in my life.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

1—What is the capital of Idaho; Illinois; Indiana?
2—What is a gonfalon?
3—What name is given to the various noise-making devices used by the drummer in a jazz orchestra?
4—What continents are the habitat of elephants?
5—What is the highest diplomatic representative of the United States?
6—What was Mr. Micawber always waiting for?
7—What honorary title frequently is given to retired clergymen and college professors?
8—Who was Catherine of Aragon?
9—What is meant by midsummer madness?
10—Why were the minutemen so called?
11—Next line after "As idle as a painted ship"?
12—What formerly was called The Sick Man of Europe?
13—How tall was Goliath?
14—Difference between majority and plurality of votes?
15—Has amendment to Constitution ever been repealed?
16—What are nicknames of following A. L. and N. L. teams: Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, New York?
17—What two state capitals are farthest apart?
18—Is Montreal north or south of London?
19—What is meaning of Latin phrase, *In hoc signo vinces?*
20—How many degrees in a circle?

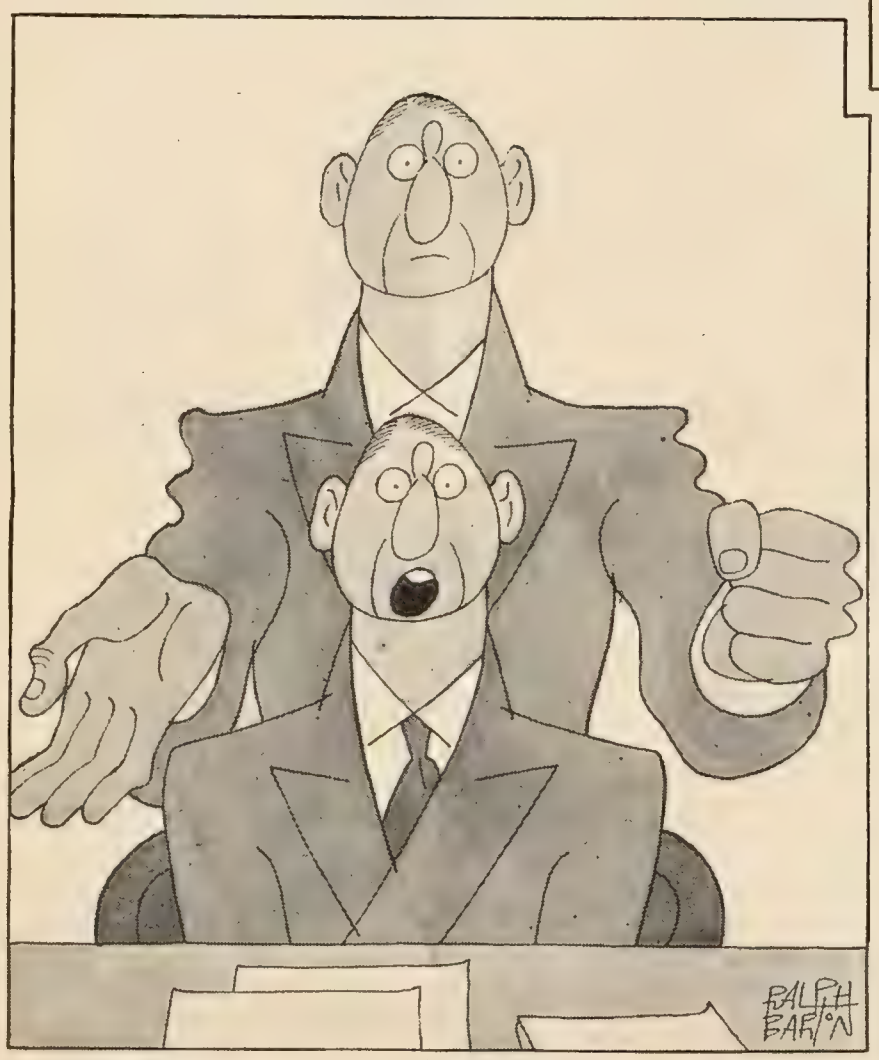
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

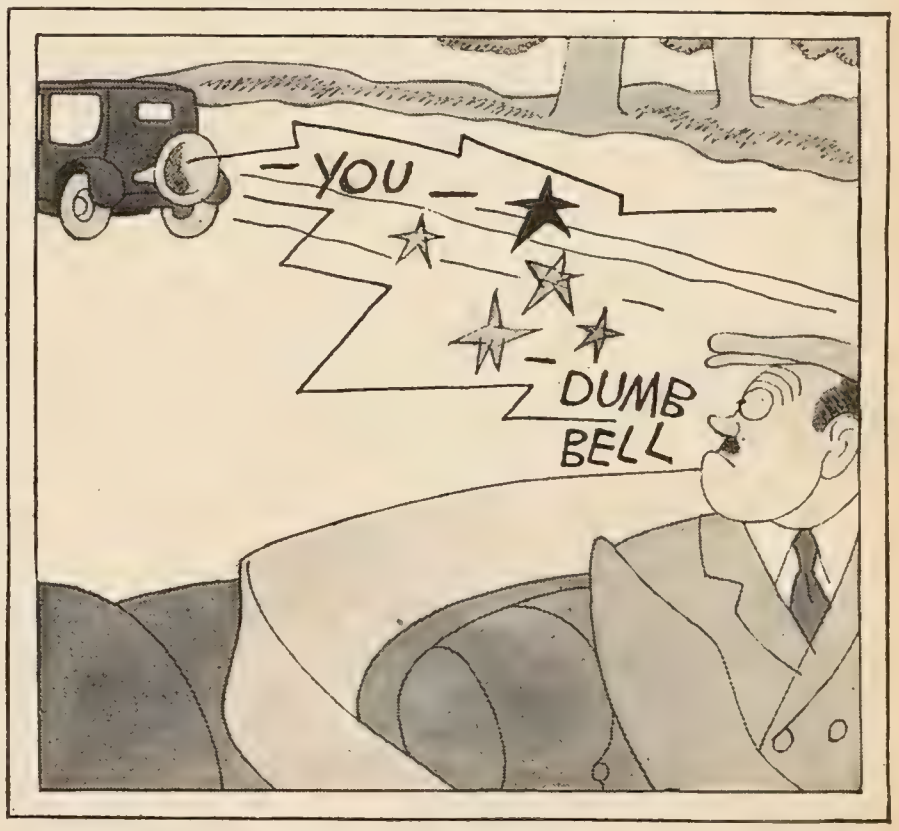
By RALPH BARTON

THE USEFUL SCIENCES. Prof. Dr. Uttz has spent twenty years in search of a useful employment of the time men spend waiting for their best girls to telephone.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF TOO SENTIMENTAL INCIDENTAL MUSIC accompanying advertising talks on the radio. Announcer completely breaking down as Gypsy Band plays Hearts and Flowers.



ELEGANCE AND LABOR SAVING IN THE CINEMATOGRAPHIC CAPITAL. Great Hollywood moving picture producer, while talking over contracts, employs double to make the necessary motions with the hands.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*) AMPLIFIER for the voice to carry strong remarks to road hogs after they have passed. (*Idea by R. M. Douglas, Chicago, Ill.*)

Hotsy-Totsy

The Story of a Plot that Failed

By
Walton Green

Pictures by
Kenneth Camp

Rounding Hatteras he sought to declare his passion in the face of an easterly gale.

"IT'S been a wonderful week," said the boy softly, as he leaned over the rail and watched the slowly widening strip of water between the landing stage and the white sides of the steamer.

"Ah, yes, but it has been the wonderful week," said the girl still more softly, with a note of prettily clipped precision that betrayed the European. "See there," she went on, "is not that the Alameda itself—and the café where we had such delicious piña fria? And beyond that the so quaint and small streets where we bought the guava jelly which I do not admire because it is so sticky."

"And where I bought the Panama hat which I do not admire because they stuck me twice what it would have cost in New York," said the boy ironically. "And why they should call a street in Havana 'O'Reilly' is beyond me—unless it was some Tammany contractor who cleaned up here along with our army. Still—it's a nice little town—wish we were back on the good old Prado. Remember the lukewarm beer we used to get there—what do they call it?"

"Cerveza it is call in Spanish. The Prado, I love it, but the beer—no."

The ship swung slowly into midstream, steamed past the American rum fleet which lay at anchor under the shores of Casa Blanca, and headed for the narrow harbor entrance between La Punta and El Morro.

There is nothing halfway about leaving Havana harbor. A hundred yards marks the transition from mill pond to open sea. The vessel poked her nose past the headland and into the teeth of a fresh northerly breeze and heavy ground swell. The girl clutched the rail and made passes at her unruly straw-colored hair.

"All right," said the boy, "let's find our chairs. I had the deck steward put 'em in a lee corner back of the smoke room."

"Oh—but they are together? How pleasant!"

"You bet it's pleasant. And I got us seats at the same table and the same sitting."

They found their chairs and settled themselves.

"By tomorrow we'll be leaving off our whites and putting on thick clothes again. Gee—how I wish we were headed the other way," the boy finished regretfully.

"Yes—and tomorrow you shall be wrapping my feet in rugs of the steamer and then you shall tell me of your work in New York and I shall tell you of mine. Ah—but it is sad that it is all over."

"All over—not on your life. Look here, Miss Koloff—I—look here—we got three days and more yet. It's not all over—it's just beginning."

The girl did not reply at once. She was not older than the boy, but for a moment she looked so. When she spoke her voice held a changed note—a matter-of-fact note which said that soft Havana lay behind and hard New York ahead.

"No, Mr. Atwater, it is ending, I fear. Our life—it do not meet in New York. My work . . ."

"Just what is your work?" he interrupted. "That's about the tenth time you've mentioned it, but you never get any further."

THE girl hesitated. Then her face cleared and she laughed a low throaty laugh that sounded bewitchingly foreign and appealing to the young man.

"And what would you, who know who I am, think that my work would be?" she challenged.

"Why—er—" he began uncomfortably, "most of the Russian nabobs I've come across were running tea shops or cabarets or selling cigarettes or heirlooms or something."

A shade crossed the aristocratic face of Miss Koloff.

"I beg your pardon," the boy amended hastily; "of course that wouldn't apply to you. I only . . ."

"You need not beg my pardon," she interrupted gravely, "for I, too, have work at those things when first I come to this countree. At least, I have work in the cabaret." She paused a moment and then added bravely, "But I have not conducted the cabaret. I have worked there as a waitress."

Young Atwater was definitely startled.

"You mean you're doing that now?"

Again the throaty, melodious laugh.

"Mais non. But now I am the business woman par excellence. I sell the motor cars. I am—how do you call it—a salesman?"

"Really?" exclaimed the boy. "That's a new one on

me. What car do you sell?"

"Whatever car the client desires. The companee I represent is engage in selling the slightly used car. My companee keep no cars, how do you say—in stock? But we accept the order of the client and discover for him a bargain."

"That's not bad," he commented; "sort of automobile brokers. Look here—I wonder if your outfit could pick me up a bargain in one of these new Veedac roadsters? To tell the truth, Miss Koloff, I'm still on an allowance—just started working for my father—and—well, I suppose it's poor dope to mix business and pleasure, but I'd certainly appreciate it."

"I have keep the card of your club," answered the girl indifferently, "and I will give him to the gentleman in my companee who makes speciality of those car." A shade of distaste clouded her fine gray eyes. "But you have right. One should not mix business and pleasure. It is on vacation that I am. Shall we not converse of other things? Tell me, Mr. Atwater, of your business. In what is your father engage?"

"No hurry, Sophe," said Mr. Hermann gently. "But just remember that I'm waitin' for yer any time you're ready."

IT was young Atwater's turn to show reluctance.

"Why — he — well, to begin with, he's my stepfather, not my own father. But he's a splendid old geezer just the same, even if he's not exactly—well, you see it's awfully hard to explain to a European the difference between Americans in different parts of the country. We—I mean my father and mother's family—have always come from Boston and my stepfather started in the middle west and he's a little different—no, he's not exactly different but—" The young man broke off in midsentence, hopelessly graveled.

"But, yes, I understand," said the girl hurriedly, and then, with a trace of harshness in her tone, "but in your great democracee such differences have no amount."

"Of course not—of course not—don't misunderstand me. The old man's a prince, even if he does make me try to sell his infernal—"

"To sell?" she broke in delightedly. "Then you too, my friend, are the salesman. And what is it that your father makes?"

"Er—well, he runs a great porcelain works—er—colored things—especially nowadays." Being just out of college Mr. Atwater's sense of propriety was colossal.

"The lovely porcelains like Limoges and Haviland and the American Tiffanee? But I have seen them on the Fifth Avenue and they are veree beautiful in the new colors."

"New colors is right—every shade of 'em to match every shade of bath soap a woman can buy," he said bitterly.

"Bathtubs—is it not!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "And in the so new and beautiful colors. But why did you not say?"

"Yes—bathtubs, if you must have it. Hundreds of 'em—thousands of—millions of 'em, for all I know. And—er—other things besides . . ." His voice trailed off miserably, and he turned to the girl.

"Never mind, Mr. Atwater. You sell the colored bath-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOTSY-TOTSY
Continued from page twenty-nine]

tubs and I sell the colored motor cars. What does it impart?"

"Nothing I suppose. Say, Miss Koloff—wish you'd call me Pat."

"Pat? But is not your name Reginald as upon your card?"

"Yes, but my best friends always called me Pat."

"Veree well—Pat Atwater—and shall we now go down to dinner? And perhaps—if you are veree good, you shall call me Sophia."

All of which merely goes to show that young Mr. Pat Atwater and young Miss Sophia Koloff were not wholly engrossed in their respective businesses.

Young Mr. Atwater still had three days and four nights ahead of him. We need not dilate upon his actions beyond saying that he behaved like any other young fellow who is hard hit—only more so. San Salvador and the Bahamas he scarcely saw, because he could not take his eyes off the girl. Rounding Hatteras he sought to declare his passion in the face of an easterly gale and a profound indifference on the lady's part to anything except the motion of the vessel. The storm sent her to her cabin and kept her there. Perhaps it, too, accounted for the fact that when she finally reappeared on deck as they rounded Navesink and headed up the Narrows, she was rather a white and shaky girl—but still an unengaged one.

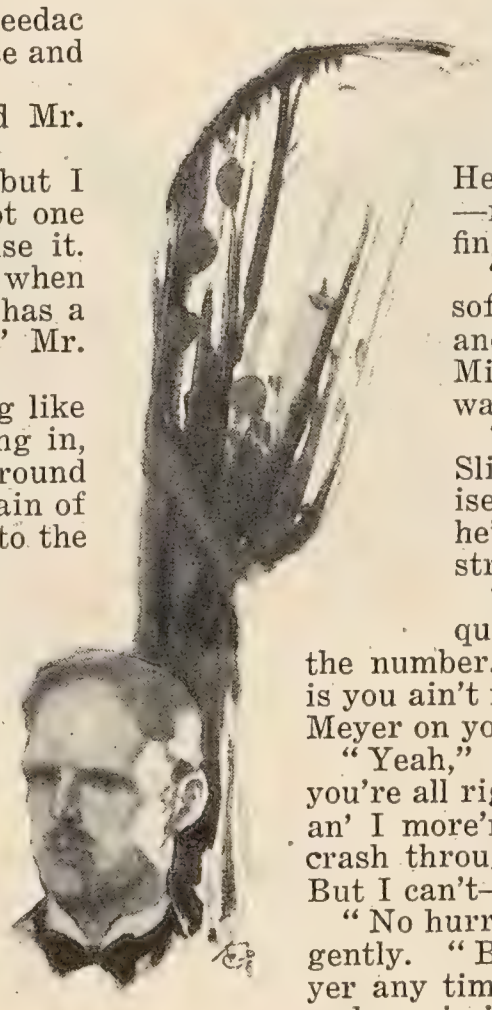
Storms may hamper the progress of love, but they cannot turn the course of true business from its appointed destiny. Within forty-eight hours of landing, Mr. Atwater was called upon at his club by a Mr. J. S. Hermann, whose card indicated that he represented the Universal Sales Associates, dealers in slightly used cars. Mr. Hermann was a tall, thin young man, dressed with a quiet impeccability quite at variance with the usual New York manner. Young Atwater was agreeably impressed.

"Yes," he admitted, "I'm looking for a Veedac roadster if I can get one at a reasonable price and pretty near new."

"What model do you wish, sir?" asked Mr. Hermann quietly.

"I don't know what model it's called—but I know the car when I see it. My father got one while I was south, but he won't let me use it. Tells me to go buy my own. Fat chance, when they list around $3,900. And the old man has a fleet of busses at that—he's a crank on 'em." Mr. Hermann smiled sympathetically.

"It is quite needless, sir, to pay anything like the list price. If we have such a car coming in, and I think we have, we can deliver it for around $2,000. But first I should like to make certain of the model you wish. Supposing we run up to the Veedac agency and look them over."



TEN minutes later they were on the floor of the great Veedac salesroom. Mr. Hermann, very much at home, but quietly and unostentatiously so, introduced him to one of the salesmen who showed the new models with much courtesy and thoroughness. Young Atwater, having no thought of buying a new car, was embarrassed at their equivocal position. Not so Mr. Hermann. He discussed the various models with easy technical familiarity, whispered gently aside with the friendly salesman, and finally led his much impressed prospect to the street.

"I take it, sir, that it is the Model U roadster that you have in mind?"

"Absolutely. They're beauties, aren't they? But look here, Mr. Hermann, isn't it a little rough to take all their time when I don't mean to buy there?"

"Not at all, sir. That salesman is a friend of mine. We have worked together in several places until I went out and formed my own concern. Now as to this car. Let me consult my list."

Mr. Hermann thumbed over a small memorandum book with his delicately tapering fingers. Finally his brow cleared.

"We are in luck," he said softly. "We have a Model U Veedac roadster coming through in about ten days—possibly two weeks—if you care to wait that long. Duplicate of the job you just saw on the floor. Repossessed car—we work through some of the automobile financing concerns, too, you know," he added deprecatingly. "That's how we can turn them over so cheap. Let's see—run eight hundred miles—two spares never used—hum—yes. Well, Mr. Atwater, we can deliver you that car for two thousand dollars cash."

"Done," said Mr. Atwater promptly. His secret limit had been $2,500. "Done," he repeated cheerfully. "And now, how about registration and number plates and all that?"

"You have a driver's license, sir?"

"Of course."

"We shall take care of everything else, sir. All you'll have to do is to sign the registration applications and we'll send them over to the bureau with the transfer certificate from the former owner, and get new plates and registration issued to you. And then, sir, shall we call you at your club when we are ready to make delivery?"

"If you please," said young Atwater.

"Thank you, sir. You'll hear from us shortly." Mr. Hermann executed a restrained and old-fashioned inclination of the head, and took himself quietly away.

SOME forty minutes later, Mr. Hermann, still quiet and restrained, sat at a small table in the rear of a very select speakeasy in the West Fifties. On the table before him were some toasted wheat bread and a tall glass of hot milk. Mr. Hermann enjoyed dyspepsia. Across the table from him sat Miss Sophia Koloff. Miss Koloff dipped small crusts of bread in her red wine, and nibbled at them with that air of aristocratic detachment which became her so well.

"I kinda wish," she murmured presently, "we could lay off'n the kid altogether. He gave me one swell time in Havana."

Mr. James Sherrill Hermann—Slim Hermann to his intimates and to the police—raised the tall glass in his long white fingers, and sipped gingerly at the hot milk.

"What's the matter, Sophy—you gone soft on the guy?" His tone was restrained and courteously indifferent. A flush crossed Miss Koloff's palely patrician brow. She was an uncommonly handsome creature.

"Hell—how do I know? No, I guess not, Slim. I'll tell you straight—like I promised—when I fall for anyone. This kid—he's an awful boob—but sorter clean and straight like—I dunno."

"Makes you wish you was, too?" queried Slim keenly. "Well—let 'er lay on the number. Say, Sophe—guess your real trouble is you ain't never got over when they bumped Midge Meyer on you, ain't that it?"

"Yeah," she said dully, "guess that's it. But you're all right, Slim. You been one good pal to me, an' I more'n hate myself sometimes 'cause I can't crash through and marry you an' be done with it. But I can't—not yet a while anyway."

"No hurry, Sophe—no hurry," said Mr. Hermann gently. "But just remember that I'm waitin' for yer any time you're ready"—he paused an instant and a quizzical gleam lurked in his hard blue eyes—"unless I happen to be up in the big-house."

Mr. Hermann was a realist, which most thieves are not. Also he possessed a sense of humor. Miss Koloff shivered slightly at the reference to state prison. Slim noted this, and with characteristic courtesy brought the conversation back to business.

"What build-up did yer use on this Atwater feller?"

"Didn't have to do any build-up at all. I was traveling Russian, like I always do, and using my own monicker. He just walked right in and kept asking for more. To

tell the truth, Slim, I wasn't really playing for him, except at first maybe. I was having a rest. Well," she pulled herself up resolutely, "what do I do this time? Who's working with us?"

"Geezer Malone to go in, Fatty Harris to drive cover, an' Tom Innis an' me at the drop-off? You won't have to do nothin' more'n deliver the hotsy-totsy and clean up."

"I see. What drop-off you using?"

"Dutch Henessey, Erick's Garage, or Joe's place. It'll depend on which lays nearest to where we take the car."

"Sure thing. Say, Slim, did he pick a Veedac roadster?"

"Yeah. And they's not any too many of 'em on the streets yet. It's a new model, an' it ain't going to be as easy as might be. An' that Veedac salesman on the floor—had to pass him twenty bucks this time," he added aggrievedly. "But he's slipped me a list of recent sales, and I guess it's worth it. Well—I gotta get out and go scoutin' Veedacs. I'm a busy man these days, Sophe: three other busses we're taking 'tween now and Saturday."

Mr. Hermann paid his modest score and proceeded to the street. Here he parted from Miss Koloff, and went his unostentatious way—quiet, watchful, and reserved, as became a thief who stood at the very top of his profession in the hotsy-totsy racket.

Mr. Hermann's first concern was to locate—not one Veedac roadster—but two, as nearly identical as possible.

Nowadays, automobiles are stolen to order and not for a general market. The most successful mobs never take a car until they know to whom they're going to turn it over. True it is that the early days of the racket witnessed several waves of indiscriminate car stealing—especially in the low-priced field. The mobs reasoned that with millions of Universal Squeek sedans in the world they would be easy to sell and hard to trace. What they failed to figure on were the items of labor, overhead, and business risk.

IT was Slim Hermann and his mob who were the first to realize that it is just as easy to steal a $4,000 car as a $400 one. Slim awoke to the fact that one must steal ten cheap cars to equal the profit on one expensive one—and with ten times the risk and ten times the overhead all along the line. For a time they stole only the highest priced cars, especially foreign ones. But these were too few in number, they were too easy to identify, and the resale market too limited. So, today, the smartest mobs operate where there is the biggest profit consistent with safety and quick turnover. That means the medium to high-priced field of quantity production.

Young Atwater's Veedac was an ideal type so far as quantity production and high price were concerned. The only "out" about it was the relatively small number of this particular and very new model which had been distributed. A few months later would have been far better.

As it was, Slim was hard put to it to locate duplicate cars which should satisfy his somewhat exacting requirements as to ownership, location, and accessibility. Had he not had the last quarter's sales report from his friend at the agency, he would have been forced to go laboriously through the Dealers' Bulletin—to which he was a regular subscriber—or even to resort to certain underground connections at the factory itself. Now, all he had to do was to watch the entrance of the Veedac Service Station for a couple of days from a convenient restaurant across the street, and take the numbers of Model U roadsters. These he checked against his last quarter's sales report, picked out a likely-looking car that had been sold to one Henry F. Smithers about four months before, and got in touch with the tester who had had Mr. Smithers' car on the road.

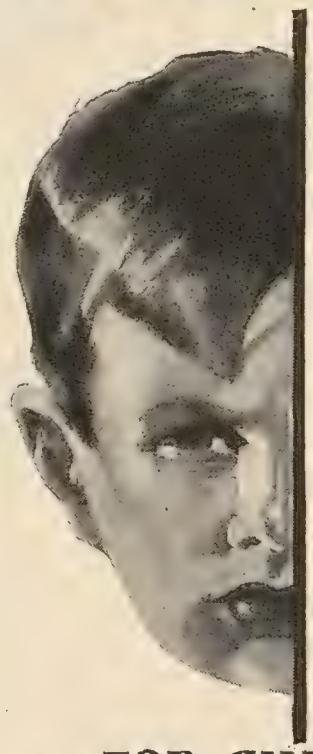
BY noon of next day Slim had all the manufacturer's numbers on Mr. Smithers' car, including the secret factory numbers on the chassis, which even the agencies are not supposed to know, but which they invariably do know. Mr. Smithers now leaves this chronicle—quite unharmed by his involuntary assistance to the peccant Slim.

Armed with these numbers, Slim repaired to his speakeasy, where he maintained a sort of field office in the shape of a large suit case which the proprietor kept for him in a private office above the dining room. Slim sat himself at the desk and opened the suit case. It contained—besides the ordinary needs of the traveling executive—a varied assortment of letter heads, registration blanks, catalogues, sales lists, application forms, and what not. It also held a canvas bag containing several hundred transmission-lock keys—each key tagged and marked with the year and model in Mr. Hermann's exquisitely fastidious handwriting—and all of them classified and cross-indexed in a fashion that would have turned a filing expert green with envy.

A glance into this suit case would have made the average motorist throw away his keys in disgust—would have prompted the first dick that saw it to take Slim downtown. But detectives had no chance to see it, for Slim kept it in a speakeasy, which is rather more safe than a church so far as the New York police are concerned.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS IS THE
YEAST
FOR
CHILDREN



pure, tasty, doesn't cause gas

FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE LISTLESS UNDERWEIGHT - UNDERNOURISHED AND

ONLY HALF THERE

A tip to wives — and their husbands! And especially to those who have youngsters: try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern, non-fermenting, non-objectionable form of pure yeast. One of the best conditioners the human system ever had!

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5 cents for the glassine envelope with six tablets or 50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[HOTSY-TOTSY
Cont'd from page thirty-one]

Slim opened the suit case and selected some blank forms. He made out an application for registration to be signed by young Atwater, using all the identifying numbers on Smithers' car. This he sent over by messenger to the young man's club. It came back presently, duly signed and sworn to by Atwater. Slim next filled out the affidavit of ownership, evidencing transfer from Smithers to Atwater, and took everything over to the state Registration Bureau where he filed the papers and paid the fee.

THE Licensing Bureau checked on the application and the Police Motor Squad checked on it. Smithers had bought his roadster three months before from the Veedac agency itself. Now he was selling it to a man named Atwater who lived at the Dunderhead Club. Everything O. K. Not once in a thousand times do the authorities go behind the face of the record. Why should they? No Veedac roadster had been reported stolen. Why should they call up Smithers or send an inspector around to ask him if he really and truly had sold his car? Not they—they have trouble enough chasing stolen cars, without fine-tooth-combing perfectly regular applications.

So it was that a few days later young Atwater received a certificate of registration for a car he would never see, and Slim had in his possession license plates to use on a car he had not yet stolen.

But he was all ready to steal it. He had spotted a duplicate Veedac roadster belonging to a man named Josiah Flint who had an apartment in Fifty-fourth Street near Madison Avenue. This man's automobile habits—from Slim's point of view—were exemplary. Flint generally came home at around 7 o'clock, and he invariably allowed his chauffeur to go off for dinner and to leave the car unattended while he himself was dining in his apartment on the seventh floor.

Slim regretfully inspected his list of keys. But the Model U was very recent, and he had never operated on one. He got a flash at the number of the transmission lock—a simple matter of looking into the car while the chauffeur was away. Everyone peers into cars on the street—especially new and beautiful ones.

Slim did it blandly, and characteristically, and openly, and right under the vacant eyes of the uniformed doorman himself.

Next morning Slim was down at the office of Flint & Co. almost as soon as it was open. It didn't take him five minutes to kid the typist-telephone girl into leaving her desk for a moment while he stole a Flint & Co. letterhead and envelope. On his way uptown he stopped off at Winmere Street to see Little Benny.

Now, Little Benny is quite a character. Long, long ago he used to work for the government in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington. Then he took to doing homework in his off time, and the Secret Service—discovering it and disapproving it—transferred him from Washington to Atlanta, where he continued to work for the government, though not on the payroll. And now he is beginning all over again in lower New York. He makes everything for bootleggers—labels, caps, and wrappers, as well as excellent imitation shields for those who desire to impersonate government officers. His engraved or printed counterfeiting of letterheads and documents is very fine. Also he counterfeits the small, aluminum number plates which the manufacturers tack on to the car at various points. These plates he sells in blank to automobile mobs all over the country, who punch in their own numbers by hand.

Slim bought a couple of Veedac blanks and sat down at Little Benny's typewriter while that worthy was numbering the aluminum plates. He typed out a note on the letterhead of Flint & Co.:

> Please deliver to bearer two keys for Transmission Lock No. F26418J on my Veedac Model U roadster and oblige
>
> Very truly,
>
> JOSIAH FLINT

HE boggled a moment when he came to the signature. Then his brow cleared. He added a "Dictated but not read by Mr. Flint" to the lower left-hand corner, and scrawled the signature as a typist would—with a "per S." beneath it.

Armed with this communication, he went uptown and repaired to the stock room of the Veedac Service Station, where he got his keys at a net cost of one dollar.

One thing more Slim needed, and that was a rainy night. He wanted a rainy night because a fleeing automobile can take slippery corners better than a pursuing motorcycle.

That afternoon, when Slim left the Veedac agency, a cold spring drizzle had begun to fall. The papers said "Rain." Slim slipped into a telephone booth and called Malone at Henessey's garage.

"Say—this is me." Slim never gave his name over the telephone, nor did he address another by name. Mutual identifications must be accomplished by mutual recognition of voices. "You better come right away. —What's that?—Yeah—bring the both of 'em," he finished in his soft voice, and hung up.

Half an hour later he was seated in the back room

The cop ran back to Fatty. "Straighten it out, you big dub," he ordered. "Up Third and next east—I seen him turn the corner."

of the speakeasy. With him were Geezer Malone, Fatty Harris, and Tom Innis. Slim had his customary glass of hot milk before him. But as it was to be a hard night, he was also essaying a pair of eggs—very softly poached and reposing on toasted wheat bread. He set down his glass and spoke in his gentle and toneless voice. It was characteristic of him that—except for the necessary argot of his profession—his voice and manner were the same when talking with his associates as when dealing with the outside world.

"IT'S a blue Veedac roadster in front of the apartment at —teen East Fifty-fourth," spoke Slim. "Geezer will take the bus, and Fatty drive cover. You two better fix to go-in about seven-thirty. If the bus ain't there tonight, call me at the drop-off. Me and Tom will be there with the pads. And here's your route," he handed them a penciled sketch of the streets to be traversed, "and don't go to keeping that on you after you've got it in your beans—you know what happened to Pete last month. An' say, Geezer, you watch the traffic cop on Madison. You wanter go-in just when he starts lettin' east-bound through."

"Sure—I know," said the Geezer easily.

"Say, Slim," demanded Harris fretfully, "have I got to drive cover with me own bus again?"

"And why not?" asked Slim softly and coldly. "If it's smashed you got it insured, ain't you? An' you're gettin' a bigger split, ain't you? What yer beefin' about? Do you want I should use some car we've taken?"

"Hell, no—that ain't wot I mean." Fatty subsided into unsatisfied silence. He did not like using his own car, because it was quite new and had cost him real money. But he knew that they could not use a stolen car.

Automobile thieves never use stolen cars. On the contrary, they are the only people in the country who are quite certain to have only legitimately acquired cars in their permanent possession. Burglars and stickup men, it is true, work from stolen cars, but that is a different racket altogether. They're not automobile thieves—they're box-openers, petermen, bandits—out on the hyste—on the put-up—and the cars they take and abandon are merely tools of their trade; which is the safest way for them at that—as when a killer uses another man's rod to do his killing with.

"Guess that'll be all," murmured Slim with dismissal in his tone.

AT 7:25 Geezer Malone dropped off a Madison Avenue car at Fifty-fifth Street. He walked back a block and strolled through Fifty-fourth toward the avenue. The Veedac was there all right, standing unattended in the rain, but the doorman of the apartment house was also there. "Not so good," murmured the Geezer to himself, and circled the entire block until he came back to a drug store on Madison Avenue. Here he bought some sheets of paper and an envelope which he addressed to Mr. Josiah Flint. He returned to Fifth Avenue via Fifty-fifth Street and then down to Fifty-fourth, where he strolled east toward the apartment house. Midway in the block he passed Fatty Harris sitting disconsolate in his new car in the rain. Harris favored him with a doleful wink.

Malone saw that the traffic was changing at Madison Avenue. He hurried up to the doorman.

"Letter for Mr. Flint from the University Club. Send it right up, will yer?"

The doorman took the envelope in disdainful silence, regarded it for an agonizing length of time, and finally stalked disdainfully inside. Malone lighted a cigarette as a signal that he was going-in, stepped into the Veedac, slipped the key into the lock, and was away from the curb in about twelve seconds. He had been known to do it in six seconds. Twelve seconds was not bad. On the other hand, it was not quite good enough on this occasion, for the disdainful doorman got back to his post again just in time to see the Veedac starting away.

"Get back in or I'll drill yer," snapped the Geezer over his shoulder. The doorman ducked back, courageously shouting, "Stop thief!" as he slammed the door. A pedestrian took up the cry and passed it on to all the world. The drivers blew their horns and shouted, "Stop that car!" and crowded for the crossing—but without knowing what car was to be stopped. But the Geezer was safely past the crossing and bowling merrily toward Park Avenue with Fatty Harris covering him fifty yards behind.

At Park Avenue they were out of luck again with the traffic against them. Nothing for it but to crash the crossing—which they both did successfully—Fatty Har-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOTSY-TOTSY
Continued from page thirty-three]

ris yelling, "Stop that car!" at the top of his lungs, and almost having to take aboard a second policeman who waved wildly and made a clutch at his windshield.

Now nine times out of ten the Geezer made his getaway unnoticed. Sometimes it was hours before the alarm was turned in. But this was the tenth time. It was a real chase, and Fatty Harris, still solicitous of his new car, did not like it. For the cop-laden taxi was just behind him—yelling to him to drive faster or get out of the way. Fatty was driving the slowest fast he knew how, which is saying a good deal, for he was an extraordinarily skillful driver. But as they neared Third Avenue he had been able to let Malone gain only another fifty yards. It was distinctly up to him.

Fatty groaned, and swung his wheel over. His car skidded prettily to a half turn—and drifted gently to rest in the path of an oncoming milk truck. But the taxi behind skidded violently, and its right rear wheel crumpled against the curb. The cop jumped out, ran to the corner, and then back to Fatty.

"Straighten it out, you big dub," he ordered angrily. "You ain't scratched. Up Third and next east—I seen him turn the corner." He jumped in beside Fatty.

No need to tell Fatty Harris that the Geezer had gone east on Fifty-fifth. But he felt better. His precious car was still intact, and by now the Geezer had a good lead. They tore up Third Avenue, the officer hunched forward in his seat, nervously thumbing the hammer of his pistol. They took the right turn at Fifty-fifth with another hair-raising skid—a gratuitous display of virtuosity on Harris' part, who thought he might as well give the cop a ride—and tore east again—tore east, honking and shouting—tore east straight past the doorway of Dutch Henessey's garage where lounged a handful of mildly indifferent loafers. And the most mildly indifferent of them all was Mr. James Sherrill Hermann. Mr. Hermann flicked a sardonic cigarette butt after the speeding Fatty Harris, and then turned and took himself inside and to the work that still lay ahead.

THE drop-off was in the sub-basement of the garage. Two more of Mr. Hermann's recent acquisitions stood against the wall—finished and ready for delivery. But the center of the stage was held by the Veedac roadster. The car had been there less than three minutes when Slim got downstairs, but four men were already working on her with the tense and silent speed of surgeons in an operating room.

Two men were going through the pockets and under the seats to make certain that no identifiable objects were left. A handsome linen laprobe monogrammed "J. F." was regretfully consigned to the boiler-room furnace. Tom Innis and his helper already had the old pads off her and were screwing on the new ones which had been issued to young Atwater. Slim peered at the plates closely to make sure that they had been properly scratched and muddied up so as not to look too new. Yes—perfect. He yanked off his coat. Slim was a general who worked in the trenches when need arose.

Someone passed him the electric grinding machine and he got to work. In less than two hours he had ground off all the factory numbers and carefully stamped in their place the numbers of Mr. Smithers' car. Time was—with cheap cars and cheap mobs—when they'd let it go at changing a figure 1 into a 4 or 7—but not so with Slim. He was not sending a new and discoverable set of numbers out into a cruel and police-ridden world. He was grinding into oblivion the superfluous numbers on Josiah Flint's car, and putting in their place Mr. Smithers' numbers which had every right to be in existence—as the records attested.

It took time because he had to change numbers on the engine and differential blocks as well as on the transmission lock and the keys. Also he had to paint out and repaint the secret factory numbers on the chassis, and to nail on the small aluminum plates which he had got from Little Benny.

But when he had finished, there stood on the floor of Dutch Henessey's drop-off a Veedac roadster which was the precise duplicate of Mr. Henry Smithers'. The instant that it was delivered to young Atwater it would, according to official records, become that car in very fact. Not one time in a thousand, even when Smithers later on really did sell his car, would anyone remember the present transaction or trouble to check back and discover two sales of the same car by the same man.

More than that, Slim had found that it was safe to drop an average of three puppies, as they are called, from one genuine mother car. In fact, the winter before, his three hotsy-totsy beauty parlors had run nine puppies from the same unknowing and uncomplaining owner.

Slim straightened up, lighted a cigarette, and strolled around the Veedac on a careful tour of inspection.

"All right," he pronounced finally. "You, Tom, take her out in the morning and turn her over to Sophe. She'll call you an' tell you what time and where."

ON the afternoon of the following day Mr. Pat Atwater was bowling merrily along the north shore of Long Island, bound for his father's country house at Valley Bay. It was a cold and lovely day in early spring. The Veedac was lovely and the girl at his side was more lovely still.

Sophy had decided to take a chance. But then, she was always taking chances. In this case, not so much a chance of detection, for the lad's trust was implicit—he had given her bank notes instead of a check in payment for the car—but a chance with her own feelings.

She had no illusions about herself, or about the boy. And she had—curiously enough—not the slightest inclination to further capitalize his youthful ardencies. In fact she felt a distinct aversion to it.

But she could not resist playing with fire—such young, clean, unsophisticated fire. After today she would never see him again—that she swore to herself.

They left the main road and turned toward the Sound. A quarter of a mile through the woods brought them to the big house. Sophy did not know that such big houses existed. Except on the road with stock companies, she had scarcely poked her very patrician and Russian-looking nose outside of New York.

Sophy sighed, and there was no acting in her sigh, no matter what one may say of her speech.

"Ah—but it ees the house so beautiful, ees it not?"

"And then some," agreed Pat heartily; "we'll have tea on the terrace and then find the old man. I want to watch him when he sees this car."

Presently the butler brought them tea.

"Say, Firkins—where's my mother?"

"At the beach, sir."

"And my father?"

"Not down from town yet, sir. He phoned earlier in the day to say that his new car was stolen last night, and he might be late. If I may say so, Mr. Flint is much disturbed."

"Mr. Flint?" murmured Sophy faintly.

"Yeah, Flint—I told you long ago he was my stepfather." Then he laughed. "Gee, but that's rich. Now, I'll be hanged if I'll let him drive mine."

At this precise moment Mr. Josiah Flint was getting out of the taxi that had brought him from the station to his house.

Mr. Flint, with a look akin to awe upon his shrewd and kindly face, waved the taxi vaguely away and stared at his son's new car.

Still with the look of vague awe upon his face, Mr. Flint climbed into the car, took his own keys from his own pocket, and unlocked the transmission.

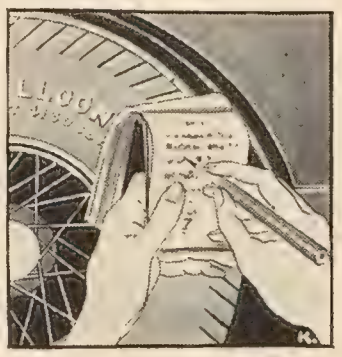
"I'll drive straight back to the village and see the chief. Wonder was it New York or local cops that found it," he murmured to himself, and drove briskly away.

On the far side of the house, seated on the terrace wall, young Mr. Pat Atwater heard the crunch of gravel and craned his neck in time to see the rear end of his

beautiful Veedac disappearing down the drive. Mr. Atwater might be slow to speech in the devastating company of Miss Koloff. But in this emergency he was all action.

In forty seconds he had the local police on the 'phone.

"Say, chief—Pat Atwater talking. They just pinched my new Veedac from in front of the house. Got a motorcycle man?—New man you say? That don't matter—shoot him out—regular epidemic—first the old man—then me. What's that? Yeah—might get him on the Pike. Good-by."



He went back to the terrace and told the girl. Sophy, who had been in two minds whether to bolt or not, welcomed the diversion. It seemed incredible, but some mob must have trailed them from town. Fool thing to do, at that. A lovely story to tell the gang—but oh, how her heart ached for her young Pat; and she had his two grand in her stocking now.

They finished their tea and walked back through the house. Pat drew her to the front entrance.

"Right there through the left gate they went. The nerve of it! But—but—for the love of Mike—what's *that* coming?"

They both stared incredulously.

Mr. Josiah Flint, very red of face and very angry, drew slowly up to the doorway, and got heavily out. The officer beside him, all hung over with cartridge belts like a Cossack, got out, too.

"You Mr. Atwater?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Pat.

"Well—here's your car. This old geezer says it's his. Says his name is Flint. Says—"

"Tell the fool who I am!" exploded Mr. Flint. "And tell him it's my car."

"He's my father and he's Mr. Flint, all right. But—but—where's my own car, then?" demanded the thoroughly rattled boy.

It was the officer's turn to be nonplused. But he wasn't licked yet.

"You got any documents of title, Mr. Atwater?"

"Why, yes," said Pat brightly, producing his new certificates.

THE officer took them, scanned the numbers, lifted the hood and peered beneath the cowl. Then he lowered the hood with exaggerated care and scratched his head.

"The car belongs to the man what belongs to them papers," he announced with finality. "I don't know who it is and I don't care. You'd orter be after settlin' your family rows without callin' the poleece." The officer took himself off.

Mr. Flint, quite red again, turned to his stepson.

"Where'd you get this car?" he demanded.

"Bought it this morning, sir, and just drove it down. By the way, father—this is Miss Koloff, who resents the company that sold it to me. Why—it couldn't be your car—she knows all about it."

"Eh?" said Mr. Flint. "Knows all about it, does she? Well—run along into the house. I'll be in shortly."

Mr. Flint walked all around his son's car and glared at it malevolently. He reached in, recovered his own keys, and compared the numbers. Different number though it fitted the lock. Humph—that proved nothing either way. Again he walked all around the car in perplexity. And then, a thought coming to him, he drew forth his pocket notebook and leaned over each tire in turn. A smile of great and quiet triumph suffused his face.

Now, there is not one motorist in ten thousand who keeps a record of his tire numbers. But Josiah Flint was that man.

FIVE minutes later, Mr. Flint and Miss Koloff were alone together in Mr. Flint's study. Miss Koloff, neither penitent nor truculent, wore the look of high disdain which became her so well. Mr. Flint was businesslike and impersonal—almost too impersonal.

"Are you the young lady he met on the steamer?"

She nodded, without troubling to speak. Flint drummed on the table and stared at her for some moments.

"Will you hand back the money he paid you?"

Sophy reached into her stocking, and tossed the two bills to the table. Flint considered again.

"I'll let this whole thing drop provided you don't try to see Pat again or have anything to do with him," he declared.

"See him again? Hell—I wouldn't see him again for a million dollars!"

"Eh?" asked Flint in surprise. "What's the matter? Dislike the boy just because you cheated him?"

"Dislike him? No—I like him too damn well, an' you know it. I won't see him again—no—I wouldn't of anyway—but that's fer his sake an' mine, too, d'ye see—and not for you nor nothin' you could do."

Flint walked over to the window and stared across the bay. After a time he turned and came back to the table. He lifted the two thousand-dollar bills and dropped them gently in the girl's lap.

"Guess you'd better keep that after all," he said constrainedly. "There's a car outside now to take you to the train."

Sophy Koloff rose and crossed the room to the fireplace. She tore the bills twice across, and dropped them on the fire.

"Hell," she said succinctly, and there was very real disdain in her lovely eyes, "it's only you rich geezers that is always thinking of money."

THE END

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INTO the new Fish Brand "Topper" is built all the weatherproof sturdiness that has made Fish Brand Slickers famous for more than 90 years—plus the smart distinction of Fifth Avenue style. Medium priced, light weight, easy to carry, easy to fold and pack in a bag or car pocket.

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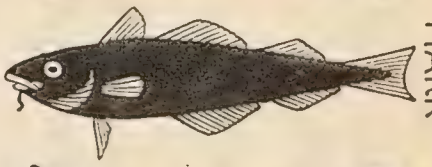
TRADE  MARK
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White teeth may hide this bitter truth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**Thinking all is well when teeth are white 4 out of 5 surrender to the disease-of-neglect*

IF you would enjoy health and preserve your teeth see your dentist at least once every six months. Have him examine teeth and gums and correct any faults. And start brushing gums vigorously when you brush your teeth using the dentifrice that helps to firm gums and keep them sound.

Forhan's, the formula of a dentist, is such a dentifrice.

Such a simple regime will bring you peace-of-mind. Also it will protect you, for such diseases as Pyorrhea ignore teeth and launch a stealthy attack on gums that are neglected. If contracted, only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance. They ravage health and often cause loss of teeth. And Pyorrhea alone takes 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger as its victims.

You will like Forhan's. Its taste is refreshing, cleansing. After using it morning and night for a few weeks you will see an improvement in the appearance of the gums. For this dentifrice helps to firm them and keep them sound. In addition, without the use of harsh abrasives, Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

Start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's today. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in the years to come. At all druggists, 35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., Forhan Co., N.Y.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

"IMPORTED"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE carved marble façade gleamed with the glare of antarctic ice. The mansard roof shone like jade. Two stone lions flanked the steps, guarding the black grilled doorway. One was growling and the other was licking his sooty chops. Each had a black eye due to cinders. A bay window here. A conservatory dome there. And more brass lightning rods on the roof than minarets on the Mosque of Suleiman in Constantinople.

Such was Senator Blower's mansion of twenty-four rooms, a gymnasium, and a roof garden, leased by Lil and Sandy! The town was agog. The Evening Breeze planned to swell its society news to three columns. New neighbors on the south side of Cedar Avenue lived at their windows, hanging elbow tips and chins over the sills.

This week's cover picture.

"Meadows," Lil was saying to the butler, who had a pale elongated ham face, "we're giving a housewarming tonight. Ten extra at dinner."

"Very well, m'lady." Meadows bowed. Lil felt foolish. It was hard getting used to such style. "Ancestral silver, m'lady?" He bowed again.

"Yes," she ordered. Her ancestral silver was exactly nine days old, but she hoped its Old English design would fool the guests. "And don't forget what's in the cellar."

There was no chance of that. Meadows knew his cellars. In the early years of the century he had butled in and been butted out of twelve castles in England whose cellars had been the cause of his dozen discharges. He'd sailed to the temperate zone of New York, being hired by one of the Vanderbilts. Or perhaps it was an Astor. He never could recall. He hadn't stayed there long enough. A Pittsburgh steel magnate fired him for drinking. He'd been bounced in San Francisco for getting drunk at his master's birthday party. On New Year's Eve, 1928, he was kicked out of a Chicago doorway for drinking during dinner hours.

He'd ridden the water wagon into Lil's home town. And now he was working in his seventeenth place—at the Jenkinses'!

Seven-thirty! Every window was a golden square in the twilight. The Carroll Trio, hidden by rubber plants and bird cages, was greeting sweet springtime and the guests with the Stars and Stripes Forever from the landing. The bass viol sounded particularly base and the violinist kept his head popping between the foliage à la snapping turtle.

"Mr. and Mrs. Harvard Hawkins!" Meadows bellowed from his inverted U-shaped mouth. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis! Mr. and Mrs. Barton Mackeye! Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schwab! Mr. X. Brown! Miss Y. Z. Smith!"

"Yes, it's a lovely evening," Lil said ten times, although it had started to sprinkle after the fifth lovely evening.

"I won my lawsuit," Mrs. Mackeye whispered. "I pinned my brooch to my slip and turned my diamonds in, so the jury thought I was poor."

"Clever, dear," Lil murmured. "I knew you'd win." Lil didn't know anything about the suit, but she knew Mrs. M's gown had cost $285. She'd seen it in Flynn's Fleur-de-lis Salon!

"Going to kill us?" Lil was asking sweetly as Meadows entered with cocktails. "Bootleg?"

"Imported, m'lady," the imported Meadows mumbled. And he wondered how long he could withstand taking just one sip!

(Next week's cover adventure: A Formal Function)

Love Finds a Way

The Talkies Smile on Bessie, and Lo! She's a Star Again

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

WHERE is the new royal line of enunciating stars predicted for the talkies? Hollywood producers have swept the speaking stage clean of actors—and the hits still are scored by the old-line silent players.

It must be discouraging to the celluloid moguls to find that, silent or outspoken, the old faces are best.

★ ★ ★

Consider the new Metro-Goldwyn all-talkie special, The Broadway Melody, which has just worked up the film critics to a fever of superlatives.

The hit is copped by little Bessie Love, who has been starred and featured in films since 1915. She was just a Hollywood schoolgirl then, fresh from the Texas outposts. True, the silent movies treated Bessie pretty shabbily. It took the newly created soundies to reveal that she could talk, sing, and dance neatly, and play a uke with facility. So now she's a star again, with a brand new five-year Metro-Goldwyn contract.

Any of the Manhattan reviewers would give four stars to The Broadway Melody. I am more cautious. The special is weak as to story, but as the camera moves swiftly about a big revue theater, backstage, into dressing rooms, and then down to the front row of the orchestra, the film achieves a speedy tempo. It is lively, pungent, and diverting.

The story? A sister act drifts in from the small time to try out for a big New York show. They are aided by a song-writing hoofer, befriended in the past by Hank, the brainy member of the feminine duo. In turn, he helps them.

The act falls down, but because Queenie, the other half of the team, is a preferred blonde, the two girls are retained. The hoofer comes to love Queenie instead of the sacrificial Hank, in spite of himself. Thus, in the end, you see lovely little Hank going back to the small time, Queenie being safe in the hoofer's protecting arms.

The film's merit lies in its brisk telling and in its all-sound (and sometimes full color) revelation of a girl show in construction and in final preparation.

The Broadway Melody probably will coin a fortune in the thousand-odd theaters wired to reveal the newer adenoidal drama. The heartbreak behind the tinsel of the theater always has been a safe investment. "Don't bring a frown to old Broadway," runs its theme song. "You've got to clown on Broadway."

Despite strong competition from the speaking stage, Bessie Love runs away with the honors of The Broadway Melody. She is shown above with Charles King, a musical comedy importation.

One of the experiences of Nancy Carroll in The Sin Sister is that of being traded for food by her starving mates. The gentleman who seems to be working up an appetite is Richard Alexander.

My praise goes to Bessie Love as Hank, the brave little sister who finds she is just a trouper. Anita Page seems a little hefty as Queenie.

★ ★

The best you can say about William Fox's newest, The Sin Sister, is that it is a little different. A motley crowd of characters is trapped in an arctic shack and confronted with starvation. Here you find a broker, débutante, an evangelist, a handsome young secretary, and a pretty vaudeville dancer. What happens? The worst in every person asserts itself, or at least in everyone but the secretary and the blonde jazz baby.

Nancy Carroll is the hoofer who is traded for food by her savage mates in starvation.

Do you know that—

Conrad Veidt has gone back to Germany to do Power? . . . Mary Philbin also is leaving Universal soon? . . . You will hear Billie Dove talk in her next, Career? . . . Jannings' The Patriot is one of the year's box-office flops?

The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree

Here were found the bodies of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills. They lay under the crab-apple tree (at left) on the side toward the other tree.

Who Committed the Hall-Mills Murder?

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

ABOUT 10:30 o'clock on the night of Thursday, September 14, 1922, the Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hall and his choir singer mistress, Mrs. Eleanor Mills, were murdered under a crab-apple tree near De Russey's Lane on the outskirts of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

The Episcopalian minister was shot once through the head; and somebody fired three .32 caliber bullets into Mrs. Mills' brain and then cut her throat from ear to ear. The bodies were then carefully placed side by side, the woman's head resting on the pastor's outstretched arm; their clothes were straightened, their hats shielding their faces, and between them were scattered the impassioned letters which later added so sensational a feature to the case. The corpses lay there until they were found at 10:30 o'clock Saturday morning, September 16.

For more than six years the strange double killing and atrocious mutilation have been the theme of countless speculations, of insinuations that lawless wealth cannot be convicted in America; and have fascinated amateur and professional detectives who have striven unfruitfully to solve the mystery and identify the assassin or assassins.

Now, possibly for the first time, will all the characters in this notorious drama be introduced simultaneously; will all the known facts be assembled in one chronicle; will all the movements and statements of the principals involved and the suspects eventually acquitted of Mrs. Mills' murder be recorded.

Heretofore, all accounts of the celebrated crime and the subsequent trial have necessarily been merely chronological. I mean, in the six years that have elapsed since t homicides, the newspapers have covered the story day by d and month by month and year by year as developments bro Never that I know of has a résumé of the Hall-Mills myste been offered coherently in one running narrative.

Here, then, is the tale. What follows is intended to be a we believe is a fair and true report of the public, official, a judicial proceedings which resulted from this amazing m der, and all the facts hereinafter stated are taken from t official records of the various public authorities who took p in such proceedings.

dward W. Hall was between thirty-nine and forty-one rs of age when he was slain. Tall, impressive, handsome, was a popular figure in religious and social strata of New nswick. He was earnest in his zeal, eloquent in the pulpit, rming in his personality. His flock, gathered frequently his temple, the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John Evangelist, looked up to him as the embodiment of virtues as he extolled passionately in his interesting nons.

ubject to the rather well known lties of earthy flesh, the preacher mingly found nothing inconsistent is advocacy of the Ten Command- ts and the clandestine affair he enjoying with his favorite mem-

P. & A. photo

The crab-apple tree two days after the murder, stripped by souvenir hunters — who subsequently carried away every bit of it, even to the roots.

ber of the choir, in direct violation of one of the most important of these commandments.

This may be explained by relating that Dr. Hall was married to a woman nearly a decade older than himself, and that his paramour was some fifteen years younger than his wife.

Frances Noel Hall (née Stevens) was born in Aiken, South Carolina, on January 13, 1874. She was the third child of Francis Kirby Stevens, a wealthy business man, and Mary Noel Carpender, blood relative to one of the richest and most powerful families in northern New Jersey.

Two brothers preceded Frances' birth. Henry Hewgill Stevens was born in Poughkeepsie, New , on November 20, 1869; and William Carpender Stevens nced into the world he was later to entertain and amuse, iken, South Carolina, on March 13, 1872. These three s are taken from the Stevens family Bible, there being, y enough, no civil record in Aiken of Willie's birth.

1910 Miss Stevens attended Christ Church in New Bruns- . But she taught a Sunday school class in St. John's, and e she met Dr. Hall. All of the woman's previous history story of suppressions. Her mother, a widow at that time, been a martinet all her life, stamping out of her children exuberances and frivolities as they might display. Miss Stevens, it may be said, never had had a chance. Dour and stern, her mother had ruled the household with a rod of iron until she died in 1919.

Everything in the daughter's repressed, cramped, starving heart responded to the mental and physical stimulus emanating from the magnetic young rector. So she married him on July 20, 1911. She was thirty-seven years of age at the time, and the groom was not yet thirty.

In exchange for his youth and comeliness she gave him wealth and position. He found the bargain satisfactory — until the passing years brought silver to his wife's hair and wrinkles to her throat. And when he looked around he found standing at his side a beautiful young woman who sang in his choir. Propinquity and a home life unblessed with children or feminine fascinations united to lay the foundation for the horrible fate that overtook them.

James Mills was the husband of Eleanor, the Sabbath soloist. He was a skinny, homely, uneducated janitor at the Lord Stirling High School and a menial around St. John's Church, washing windows, sweeping, and tending to the furnace. He was fourteen years older than his pretty young wife, and she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The First Winners

THIS is the tenth and last of a series of stories of celebrated detective problems, for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers $10,000 in prizes. For the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on the Elwell murder (The Mystery of the Bridge Whist Expert, the first story in the series) Mr. Sutherland has awarded prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Walter Noble Burns,
167 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To B. D. Silliman,
902 American Trust Building, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Norman Hapgood,
1225 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To James B. Young,
614 Louisville Trust Building, Louisville, Kentucky.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 Each
To Tom F. Barry, Suite 739, 15 Park Row, New York City; Sigmund Spaeth, 113 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City; Byron H. Christian, Instructor in Journalism, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington; and Ambrose Hemingway, 143 South Center Street, Casper, Wyoming.

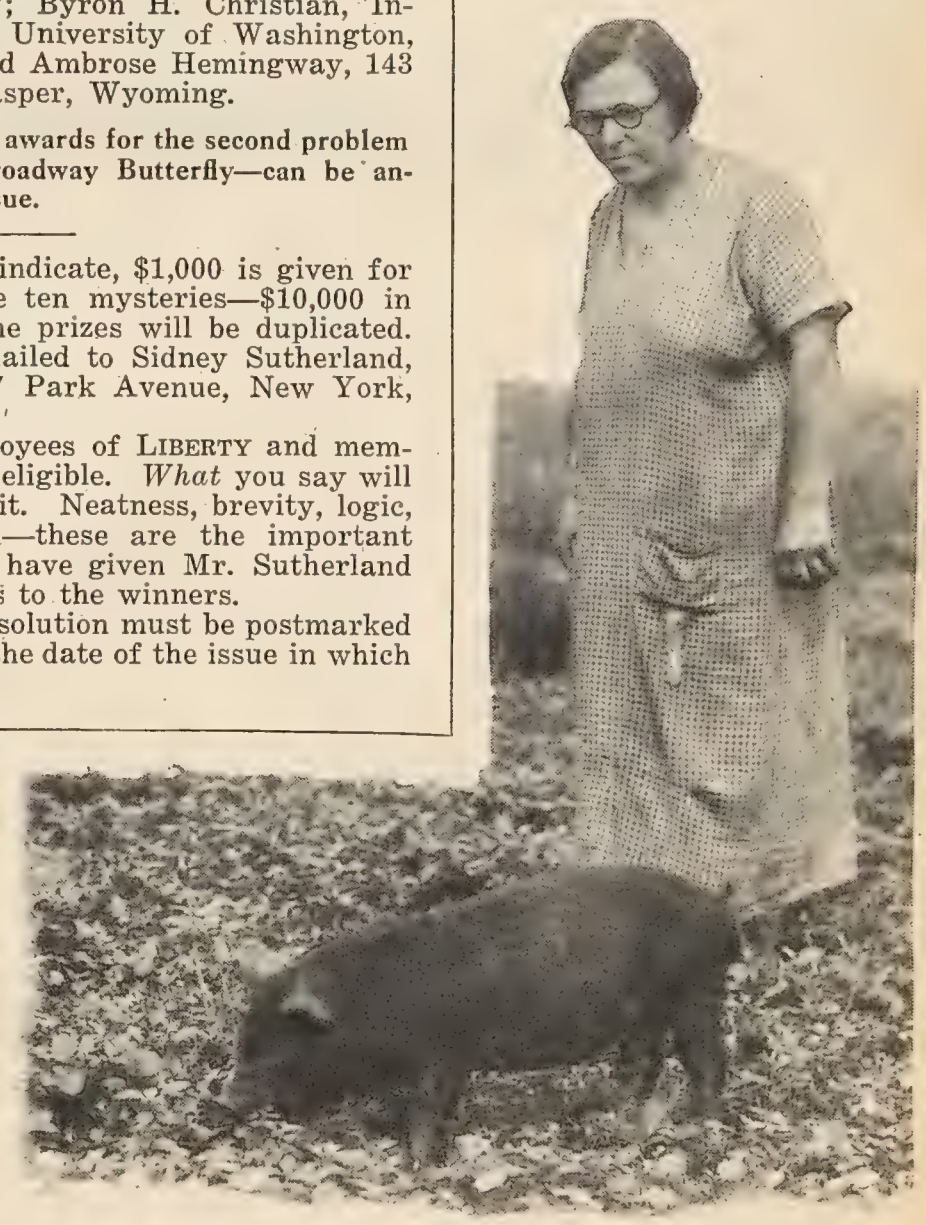
It is hoped that the prize awards for the second problem —The Mystery of the Broadway Butterfly—can be announced in next week's issue.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

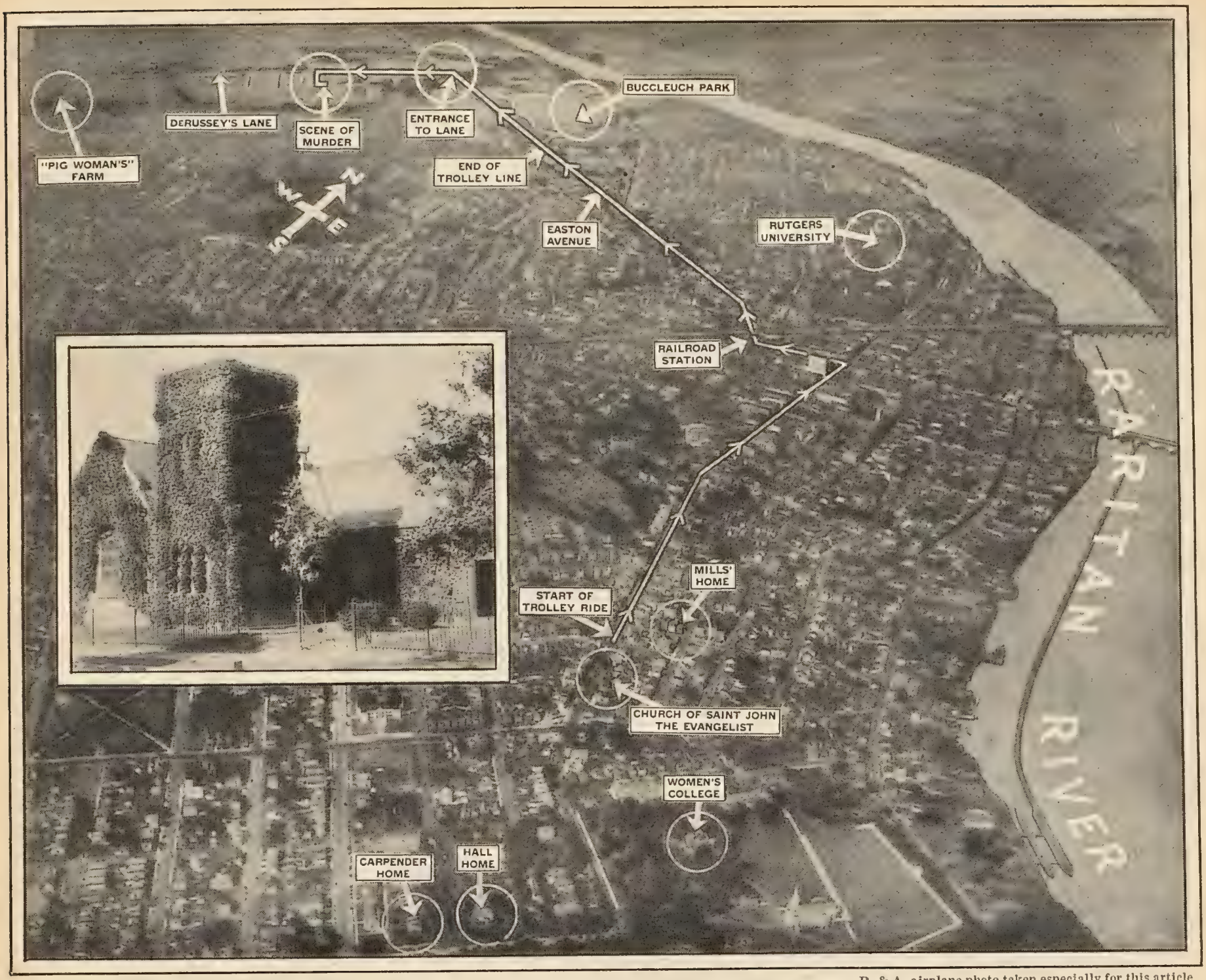
Solutions should be mailed to Sidney Sutherland, in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these are the important things. The publishers have given Mr. Sutherland the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story is completed.



The famous "Pig Woman," Mrs. Jane (Easton) "Gibson," who claimed to have been an eyewitness to the Hall-Mills double murder.



P. & A. airplane photo taken especially for this article

New Brunswick, New Jersey, from the air, showing points of interest in the Hall-Mills case, and well known landmarks. The church shown is that of St. John the Evangelist, where Hall preached and Mrs. Mills sang.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

was only sixteen when she married him in 1905. They had two children—Charlotte, sixteen in 1922, and Daniel, twelve in that year. It was a drab, monotonous, poverty-ridden home.

Thus Eleanor Mills also owned a hungry heart. She was hungry for all the things her husband represented in a minus degree—for all the things that Edward Hall represented in a plus degree. Romantic, young, her fibers throbbing in the desert that was her wretched home, she turned aflame to the soft palm and the encircling arm that the young preacher offered her.

Three Carpenders figure prominently in the situation. Edwin R. Carpender is a wealthy man and a first cousin of Mrs. Hall. His cousins are Henry de la Bruyère Carpender and Sydney Carpender, brothers. Henry is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, commuting to his Wall Street office from New Brunswick.

Henry Stevens retired from business in 1920. In the winter he lived in an apartment at 120 East Thirty-first Street, New York City, spending a part of that season annually in Florida. He kept a summer home in Lavalette, New Jersey, a fishing village on Barnegat Bay near the Atlantic Ocean.

It is interesting to examine the nature of the business that Henry retired from. For many years he had traveled on the road for the Remington Arms Company and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, demonstrating shotguns for the former and pistol ammunition for the latter. He had left these jobs to conduct a trap-shooting school on Young's Pier in Atlantic City. And he was unquestionably an expert in the matter of firearms.

Willie Stevens hasn't a very strong mind. His parents left a substantial fund on whose income Willie existed. Frances and Henry had control of their fortunes, but they administered Willie's for him, because he has the mentality of a ten-year-old child. Harmless and an easy smiler, Willie loved to hang around the fire engines, talking seriously of trifling matters to the firemen, wearing their helmets, following them, panting and eager-eyed, to fires.

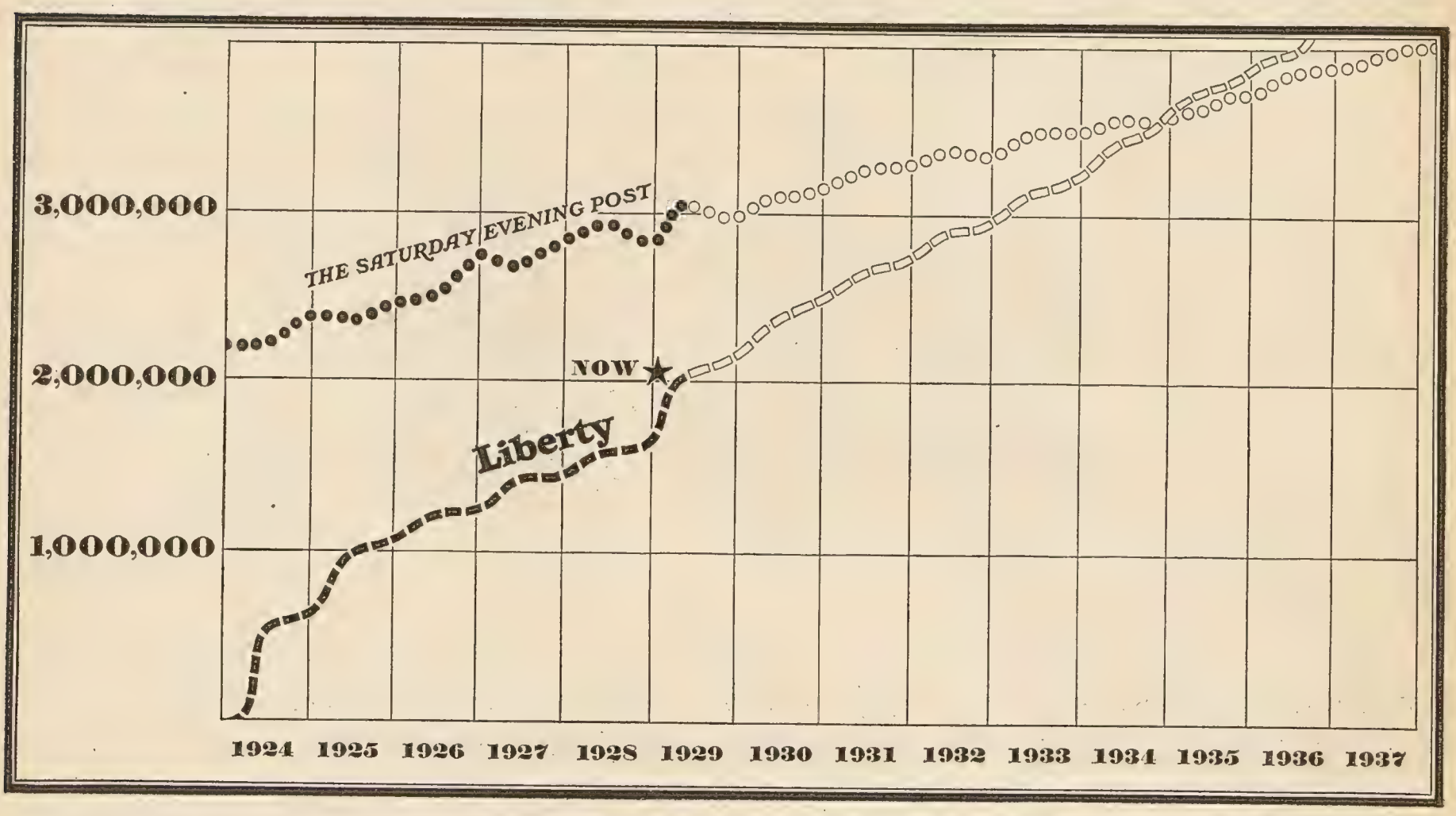
OF paramount prominence in the case was Jane Easton, called Jane Gibson the Pig Woman. At the time of the murder Jane lived with her shiftless husband and a son on sixty-one acres of farmland near De Russey's Lane. She had had a checkered career in the lower levels of society.

Jane was the daughter of Salome Eisleitner Cerrener (née Muller). Mrs. Cerrener (she had become Cerrener when Eisleitner, Jane's father, died) was born in Alsace-Lorraine. Jane's youth is obscure and unimportant. Somewhere, sometime, she was attached to a circus. She married a man named Easton and took over the old Gibson farm. Because neighbors said they bought their pigs and corn and produce from the Gibson farm, they eventually called the woman Mrs. Gibson.

Jane was also called the Pig Woman because she raised spotted Poland China pigs. She was constantly at war with sneak thieves from a near-by Italian colony who would raid her twenty-three acres of corn and carry off the ears. It was because of this cross-fence warfare that Jane Gibson became involved in the celebrated

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

An Estimate.



We estimate that in 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world. . .

Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson

[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE]
Continued from page forty

murder, as you shall see. It is well to bear retentively in mind the aforenamed characters and their backgrounds, as well as the identities and characteristics of the following members of the famous Hall-Mills cast:

Azariah M. Beekman was the prosecutor of Somerset County with his office in Somerville. The prosecutor of Middlesex County (New Brunswick) was Joseph Stricker. Both of these men are now dead—and the perversion of justice at the time of the killings was later attributed by the state to the acts of commission and omission of both prosecutors, Beekman and Stricker.

Instead of seeking honestly and diligently to solve the mystery, the prosecution claimed, Beekman was assiduous in deliberately seeking to thwart the solution. Since acts own stronger tongues than words, it will be manifest in and between the lines of these articles whether Beekman joined in the conspiracy to divert the public's attention from the obvious suspects toward other targets, as the prosecutor claimed.

Former State Senator William L. Florence had been for forty years one of the administrators of the Stevens and Carpender estates, so far as the beneficiaries were Frances, Henry, and Willie Stevens. He was indeed the family lawyer. And since he had also been a public prosecutor in his day, it is obvious that he knew as much about criminal law as he did about civil practice. Yet his curious withdrawal from the side of his charges when their affairs entered the criminal phase of law practice evoked considerable comment at the time, and will be described here in due course.

Miss Sally Peters was a settlement worker, and in the pursuit of this socioreligious activity had long been an intimate friend of Mrs. Hall. She lived in New York City, and the day following the discovery of the bodies, Sally descended on New Brunswick and took charge of affairs. Big and masculine and insolent, Sally met reporters, investigators, and callers, greeting some, rebuffing many, and generally overshadowing her friend, who was content to remain in the background during the hurricane of whispering and conjecture and accusation that followed the assassinations.

IT was Miss Peters who urged the retention of Timothy N. Pfeiffer, a New York City attorney, to take charge of the Hall and Stevens affairs, and practically put Senator Florence out of the case.

Pfeiffer, a tall, cadaverous barrister, proceeded in an astonishing way to help clear up the murder. He installed a private detective, Felix De Martini, on the premises and they spent five months in interrogating everybody who might know anything about the killing or the circumstances preceding it and, according to the state, in threatening and browbeating actual and potential witnesses. Just what help this pair contributed to the solution of the mystery will be related when we come to the trial of Mrs. Hall and her brothers.

Louise Geist was a chambermaid in the Hall home. She was an important witness, both in the preliminary investigations and at the trial, because she it was who testified about the telephone call which summoned Dr. Hall from the house to his rendezvous with Eleanor Mills—and their assassin or assassins. It will be interesting to compare her earlier stories with her later ones.

Raymond Schneider and Pearl Bahmer found the bodies on Saturday, September 16, under the crab-apple tree and notified the police. Schneider seems to have been quite unreliable, judging from his false identification of his chum, Clifford Hayes, as the man who did the shooting, and from the account of his relations with Pearl.

Ralph V. Gorsline, vestryman and choir member in Dr. Hall's church, turned out to be a blushless liar. He was near De Russey's Lane that fatal night with Catherine Rastall, a singer in the choir, in an automobile with the lights out. They heard the shots and women screaming, but interrupted their own little tryst to flee from the murder scene. Gorsline was a married man and the father of a daughter.

Barbara Tough, a Scotchwoman who was a maid in the Hall house, also told some interesting and conflicting stories about events there just preceding, during, and after the double murder. Barbara had been with Mrs. Hall six years, and was an intimate friend of Eleanor Mills. She was a valuable friend, because she could get a line on affairs in the Hall home and report them to the rector's mistress.

P. & A. photo

The defendants in the Hall-Mills murder trial, as they looked upon hearing the verdict of not guilty. Left to right, Willie Stevens, Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, Henry Stevens. With them is Henry de la Bruyère Carpender.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS, night watchman at the New Jersey College for Women, located near the Hall dwelling, saw a bareheaded woman enter the Hall home at about 2:30 o'clock, four hours after the murder out in De Russey's Lane. Confronted by this testimony, Mrs. Hall amended her first story to say that she and Willie had been out that night. We'll see presently what they said they were doing.

Minnie Clark, wife of Addison Clark, sang in the choir and was active in the Junior Choir and St. Mary's Guild and other church enterprises. The state says she was active in spying on the preacher and Mrs. Mills, and what she did immediately following the discovery of the bodies constitutes an interesting sidelight on her character and on the crime.

Mrs. Emma Voorhees and Mrs. Theodora Bonner were sisters of Dr. Hall. They dashed out to their sister-in-law's home when she telephoned them Hall was missing, and took away from a near-by boarding house the aged mother of the dead preacher.

Mrs. Mary (or May) Demarest, a church member, said she had noticed the progress of the adulterous relationship between the pastor and Mrs. Mills; had seen them on a bench in Buccleuch Park in June, 1922, with Gorsline and Minnie Clark hiding in a near-by automobile and watching them. She said that she saw Henry Stevens in an automobile in New Brunswick early Friday morning—whereas Henry swore he was in Lavalette.

C. R. Gildersleeve, a choir singer, saw Hall and Mrs. Mills walking arm in arm down Broadway near Forty-eighth Street, New York City, earlier in the year. He as well as numerous others in New Brunswick had observed and gossiped about them—whereas Mrs. Hall not only said she had never noticed anything wrong, but declined to believe it even after their perfervid letters were read in open court.

Samuel P. Sutphen, undertaker in Somerville—where the bodies were first taken, since it is the county seat of Somerset—said that within twenty-four hours after the finding of the corpses Dr. Long, coroner and coroner's physician of Somerville, operated on Mrs. Mills' cadaver to see if she were pregnant—though just what this condition would have to do with punishing the murderers or solving the crime is obscure.

John V. Hubbard, Middlesex County coroner, took the bodies to New Brunswick and permitted them to be buried without an autopsy or an inquest.

Mrs. A. K. Bearman, first cousin of Mrs. Hall, sent the famous long coat Mrs. Hall wore to a dyeing establishment in Philadelphia to be dyed black, though Mrs. Hall had always patronized the five New Brunswick dyeing houses. The state contended that this garment was bloodstained; Mrs. Hall maintained that she wanted its color changed to mourning.

Henry Dickman, New Jersey state trooper, worked on the case long after everybody else had dropped the investigation. He suddenly disappeared, and was found four years later in the Alcatraz military prison in San Francisco Bay, having joined the army and deserted. He was brought back in irons for the trial and testified that Prosecutor Beekman had given him $2,500 to drop the inquiry and disappear from the state.

Augusta Tennyson and Elsie Barnhart, sisters of Eleanor Mills, swore that Eleanor had told them a couple of years before about her affair with the pastor, and that they planned to elope to Japan as soon as they could get divorces, or make their get-away successfully. Like half the rest of New Brunswick's population—except Mrs. Hall—they knew all about the liaison.

Cedric Paulus was calling on his girl and after he left her he passed St. John's Church about 1:30 o'clock and saw the building all lighted up. This conflicts with Mills' story that he lighted up the church at 2:30 o'clock Friday morning while hunting for his missing wife and contradicts Mrs. Hall's story that she and Willie were standing in front of the church at that hour hunting for the missing preacher.

Ferdinand David, Beekman's detective, told Jane Gibson she was wrong in saying she saw Henry Stevens while the murders were being perpetrated, because Henry was in Lavalette. So he took her to the New Brunswick railway station and asked her if she could identify, among the men taking a train, the man she had seen. She identified Carpender as one of the men she'd seen that night. This tended to nullify her entire story as the only eyewitness.

This identification eventually got Henry Carpender indicted as one of the murderers, but he was never tried, and apart from spending several months in jail it doesn't appear to have harmed the stockbroker.

PHILIP A. PAYNE, managing editor of the New York Mirror, formerly occupied a similar position on the New York Daily News, both tabloid papers. While running the Mirror early in 1926 Payne was informed that there existed a calling card of the preacher's which was found near his foot the morning his body was discovered. This card, Payne was told, had Willie Stevens' fingerprint on it, and thereby effectively identified him as being present at the killing and, consequently, as one of the murderers.

An extremely able journalist, Payne was at once struck by the possibility of increasing his paper's circulation, and possibly by the opportunity of bringing the killers to justice; so he got busy and as a result of his activities the case was revived, the investigation reopened, arrests made, indictments obtained, and a trial held. It was excellent newspaper work, and the Hall-Mills affair became a celebrated case in American jurisprudence.

Payne died the following year when Old Glory, the airplane in which he was trying to fly to Rome, fell into the ocean, and was never heard of again until one of the machine's wings was found floating on the sea.

State Senator Alexander Simpson, one of the finest lawyers of the New Jersey bar, was appointed a special deputy attorney general by Governor Moore in August, 1926, to head the prosecution of Mrs. Hall and her brothers. He made a desperate fight, as you shall see later, but the jury acquitted the trio.

State Senators Robert H. McCarter and Clarence E. Case headed a battery of seven attorneys who defended the sister and brothers and became known as the "billion-dollar defense." They didn't cost the Stevenses and the Carpenders quite that much, but they cost plenty, though, of course, they won that round of the fight. Another round may be fought later, for nobody has ever been tried for the murder of Dr. Hall, the assassina-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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LUDEN'S

[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE
Continued from page forty-three]

tion of Mrs. Mills being the only issue in the 1926 trial.

There, summarized as briefly as possible, is the cast of characters in the Hall-Mills case. It is indispensable that you have this line-up of human beings and human characteristics to understand the story of the crime, the circumstances leading up to it, and the amazing events which followed.

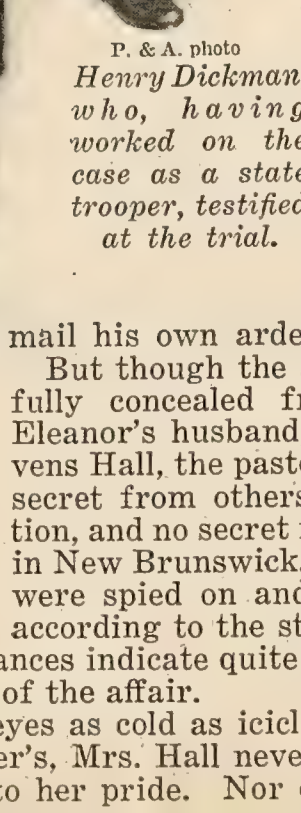
The exact time when the Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hall began his clandestine romance with Eleanor Mills, choir singer and wife of the janitor of St. John the Evangelist Church, where Hall was rector, is not known. The inference, from developments subsequent to the murders on September 14, 1922, that it commenced a couple of years before is justified.

How it started likewise is a mystery never to be solved. It is supposed that it proceeded in the pastor's study in the rear of the church, in trysts kept in the woodlands traversed by De Russey's Lane on the outskirts of New Brunswick, and possibly in New York City hotels.

THERE were shelves of books in the church study, and in the second volume on the lowest shelf the minister and his paramour would cache their letters to each other. Dr. Hall also wrote to Eleanor from the Halls' summer resort at Islesford, a small island near Mount Desert in the state of Maine. He would go to the mainland, receive the singer's correspondence, and mail his own ardent missives there.

International photo
Ralph V. Gorsline, the vestryman who was near De Russey's Lane at the hour of the crime.

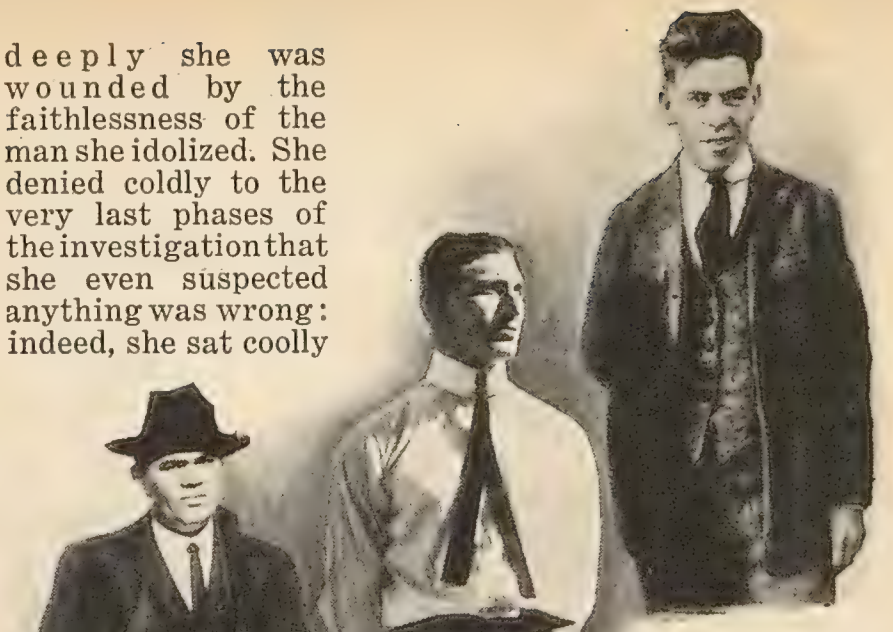
P. & A. photo
Mrs. Mills' husband, James Mills, janitor of a high school and caretaker at Dr. Hall's church.



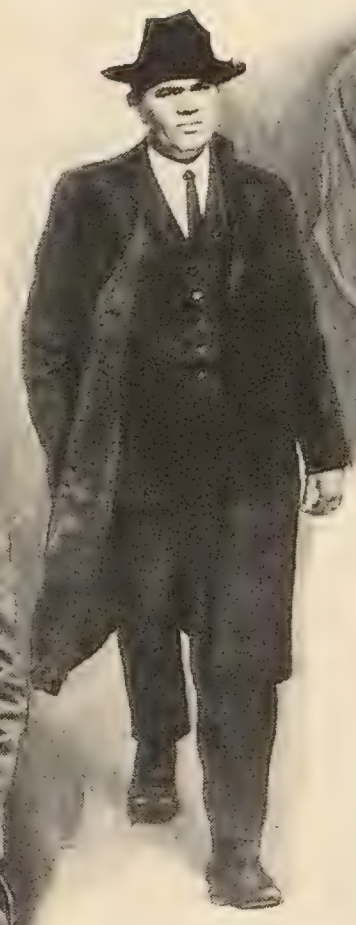
P. & A. photo
Henry Dickman, who, having worked on the case as a state trooper, testified at the trial.

But though the adultery was carefully concealed from James Mills, Eleanor's husband, and Frances Stevens Hall, the pastor's wife, it was no secret from others in the congregation, and no secret from many persons in New Brunswick. The guilty couple were spied on and, toward the last, according to the state's contention at the trial, circumstances indicate quite strongly that Mrs. Hall was apprised of the affair.

With her gray eyes as cold as icicles and her chin as firm as a pit terrier's, Mrs. Hall never publicly revealed this terrific blow to her pride. Nor did she reveal how deeply she was wounded by the faithlessness of the man she idolized. She denied coldly to the very last phases of the investigation that she even suspected anything was wrong: indeed, she sat coolly



P. & A. photo
Clifford Hayes, who was arrested because of a story told by Schneider.



P. & A. photo
Raymond Schneider, who with Pearl Bahmer found the bodies of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills.

P. & A. photo
William Phillips, night watchman at a college near the Hall home, who gave important evidence.

before her inquisitors and declined flatly to believe what the contents of the illicit correspondence revealed—that Hall was madly enamored of the young songstress.

But Eleanor's sisters, speaking after the discovery of the bodies, said that she had told them of Mrs. Hall's changing attitude toward her, and of incidents that indicated, unless she was lying, that Mrs. Hall hated her with a profound and abiding hatred.

Other witnesses also disclosed, afterward, that there was frequent and earnest whispering among vestrymen and choir members about the "preference" that the rector showed for Mrs. Mills' judgment in the matter of hymn selections, in music-score arrangements, in church sociables and religious outings. Most of these gossipers denied that they themselves had talked—but admitted that others had.

MILLS, too, must have known something of the situation. He testified that a day or so before his wife was killed he had found some letters in the pocket of her scarf where it hung next to his coat in the hall of their flat. He glanced at one or two of them, he said, and found the word "Honey." But he insisted with all the stubbornness of an ignorant man that he never suspected his wife and that he never mentioned to her what he had read.

This in spite of the fact that Eleanor told a neighbor that she and Mills had had several terrible arguments about the preacher.

I think that the best way to tell the story of the actual murders and the finding of the bodies is to set down an hour-by-hour account of the known facts as established by the testimony taken on the trial—and then to relate the stories told by the persons questioned by the public authorities.

These stories, as will be observed, disagree in important details; and from these conflicting statements the reader may be able to surmise for himself who killed the couple.

Thus we reach the day of the assassinations, Thursday, September 14, 1922.

7:45 A. M. Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Willie Stevens, who lived with them, arose as usual and ate their breakfast.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SIX]

THE RED NAPOLEON

A TARTAR-MONGOL leader, Karakhan of Kazan, with Red armies numbering millions of men at his command, sweeps over Europe . . . White civilization seems doomed . . . Only our own country stands in the path of this new Napoleon . . . His armies invade Canada . . . They move southward . . . American resistance is rolled back . . . New England is devastated . . . Air raids kill hundreds of women and children in Boston . . . New York is in ruins . . . Washington is abandoned and St. Louis becomes the capital . . . Seattle is taken on the west . . . Mexico is invaded . . . 8,000,000 Americans are under arms . . . The war drags on and American casualties mount so high that our government with-holds publication . . . Our puny air forces cannot resist the vast flying squadrons of the Reds . . . In its extremity the nation turns to the Navy . . . Confronted by the combined British and Japanese fleets, now in Red hands—vastly outnumbered—our Navy must come forth and *fight!* . . . United States sea-power holds the fate of white civilization! That's—

THE RED NAPOLEON
by Floyd Gibbons

A stupendously conceived story of the next war—a war wherein our own country must bear the brunt of the fighting . . . A war to end white dominance forever! . . . It's thrilling! It's world-wide in its scope! . . . Don't miss a single chapter . . .

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A Weekly for Everybody

Floyd Gibbons

. . . author of The Red Knight of Germany . . . noted war correspondent . . . received his baptism of fire with Villa in Mexico . . . Later accompanied Pershing on the Punitive Expedition against Villa . . . Torpedoed at sea in 1917, rescued, and filed sensational despatch . . . Lost an eye at Chateau-Thierry . . . Croix de Guerre; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor . . . one of the first correspondents in Red Russia . . . Crossed the Sahara Desert . . . Covered the Spanish-Riff war . . . Now writes an amazing story of his conception of the next world war.

★ ★ ★ ★

Note: While the premise of THE RED NAPOLEON is, of course, imaginary, every detail of the far-flung military operations involved has been carefully worked out with the aid of army and navy officers to insure fidelity to fact.

if this ad were printed in colors

this bulb would be blue

THE actual color of this bulb is *blue*—a pale blue. This pale *blue* color eliminates the dangerous "red" rays which cause eye strain and discomfort. This means a whiter light, without any undue strain on the battery—a light that gives you daylight confidence.

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[THE DEAD UNDER THE CRAB-APPLE TREE
Continued from page forty-four]

There were three servants steadily employed: Louise Geist and Barbara Tough, maids; the cook; and there was Peter Tumulty, who came during the week to attend to the garden and wash the automobiles. There were two cars, a Dodge sedan and a Case.

10 A. M. Mrs. Hall drove the Dodge downtown on a shopping expedition, the pastor remaining at home.

1 P. M. The three had luncheon.

2 to 4 P. M. Minnie Clark and Marion Stokes called while Mrs. Hall was putting up preserves in the kitchen. They all went into the garden and took kodak pictures.

The bookshelves in Dr. Hall's study in St. John's Church.

3 P. M. Miss Millie Opie, who lived near Mrs. Mills, and whose telephone Mrs. Mills often used, said Dr. Hall called up and asked her to have Eleanor come to the phone. Miss Opie called but couldn't find Eleanor.

3:10 P. M. Dr. Hall left in the Dodge to attend a church meeting.

4:30 P. M. Dr. Hall returned, gathered a bouquet of flowers in his garden, and left to visit a parishioner. Mrs. Hall says she stayed the rest of the afternoon in the kitchen.

5:30 P. M. Mrs. Mills telephoned the Hall home. Mrs. Hall answered. Eleanor asked if the rector was there. Mrs. Hall said no. Mrs. Mills said she wanted to know something about the doctor's bill which she could not understand. Mrs. Hall said she would inform the preacher when he came in.

The doctor's bill, it should be said, was for an operation performed on Mrs. Mills in January, 1922. Mrs. Hall had taken her to the hospital in her car, and the rector had assured the doctors and hospital that he would be responsible for the bill, which was to be paid in monthly installments by James Mills.

P. & A. photo
Mrs. Almeda Harkins.

5:55 P. M. According to James Mills, Dr. Hall called at the church and talked to him a few moments about some carpentry work that was to be done and some paint that was to be ordered. The preacher later called up the paint store and ordered what was needed.

6:15 P. M. Dr. Hall returned to his home.

6:30 P. M. Dinner.

7:15 P. M. Dr. Hall went up to his study near bedroom on second floor, and Mrs. Hall went to the library with a little niece, daughter of Mrs. Voorhees, Dr. Hall's sister, the child being there on a visit.

It is necessary at this point to interrupt the hour-by-hour narrative in order to introduce relevant and important facts which had a bearing on ensuing movements—and on discrepancies in reports of what certain persons did thereafter.

Sometime during the fatal day, the day following a picnic at Lake Hopatcong, Eleanor Mills wrote a long letter to the pastor in which the following sentences appeared, the letter having been found between the bodies near De Russey's Lane:

> You are a true priest. . . . I am merely your physical inspiration. . . . Do I love you too much? I know that now I could leave you, now, yes, even your physical presence and go into a convent. There I would not see anyone else touch you, call you Dear, rub your tired body, sew your torn trousers; yesterday I was happy in a way . . . on the boat and in the water. But on the way home I was thinking hard. . . . Oh, my darling babykins, what a muddle we are in. But I will be content, I will.

MRS. MILLS wrote this letter and then unquestionably took it to their secret post office, the second volume from the left on the bottom bookshelf in the pastor's church study. It was placed there so the pastor could find it and answer it.

Mrs. Mills also took another piece of paper to the study. Mills testified that that evening he was reading the New York Evening World and noticed that the last page was missing. When he went to the church later, for a purpose to be told presently, he found this missing page. It contained an article by the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant on the subject of divorces of Episcopalians.

The inference logically drawn in the face of developments is that late in the afternoon when Mrs. Mills took this newspaper article to the study, so the pastor could read its tolerant views—for obvious reasons—she found that her letter had been removed from the secret volume, and at once called him up. The inference is supported by that portion of their conversation which was overheard by Louise Geist a little later that evening. Who, then, got this letter and placed it between the bodies a few hours later?

7:30 P. M. The phone rang in the Hall home. Nobody answered, and it rang again. Louise Geist stepped out

of an upstairs bedroom and picked up the receiver of the extension in the second-floor hall at the same time that Mrs. Hall reached for the receiver downstairs.

There is a vital and significant divergence in the stories of what next occurred. The various stories told by Louise and Mrs. Hall will be taken up later.

Just now it suffices to carry on with what we can.

Louise says she answered the upstairs phone and that it was Mrs. Mills, whose voice she recognized. Eleanor asked for the preacher, and Louise says she called downstairs to Mrs. Hall: "It's for Dr. Hall." She says that Mrs. Hall answered that he was upstairs.

Just then Hall thrust his head out of the bathroom and asked, "Is it for me, Louise?" Louise replied, "Yes, sir. It's Mrs. Mills."

Then ensued the following remarks by the preacher: "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . That's too bad. . . . I'm going over to the church a little later. . . . Couldn't we make arrangements for later—about eight-fifteen? All right. Good-by."

8 P. M. Dr. Hall came downstairs and, according to his wife's story, told her Mrs. Mills had called up about the doctor's bill and that he was going over there to see about it. In response to the question she says she asked him, he replied that he would not be late getting home.

A FEW minutes before this, James Mills says, his wife threw her scarf around her neck and told him she was going out. He says he asked her where, and she answered: "Follow me and find out."

He says he went on tinkering with some brackets he was working on and thought no more about it.

8:30. Thomas F. Coyne, a street-car conductor, saw Mrs. Mills on his car. He testified she got out near the Parker Memorial Home for the Aged, near the Phillips Farm through which De Russey's Lane runs.

About the same time, Almeda Harkins and Agnes Blust say they saw Mrs. Mills walking toward De Russey's Lane, and about ten minutes later, they say, they saw Dr. Hall slowly following toward what turned out to be their tryst with death.

10:30. Mrs. Hall says she tired of sitting up waiting for her husband, so went upstairs to bed, having called Louise to close the shutters a short time before.

10:30 to 11 P. M. Mrs. Hall prepared for and went to bed.

10:30 to 11 P. M. Somebody was shooting Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills to death under the crab-apple tree near De Russey's Lane, about two miles from the Hall home.

Mr. Sutherland's story of the Hall-Mills mystery will be continued in next week's issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Girl Was Right

Sylvia's father took her to the zoo, and she was such a good girl that he planned another outing to the Natural History Museum. Sylvia, seeing the stuffed animals all about, exclaimed: "Oh, this is the dead zoo!"—Sarah L. McCarthy, 1 East 213th St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

Helpful Hint from Father

Jimmy was standing in the kitchen. After intently eying the cook who was busy preparing dinner, he asked, "How old are you?"

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"About thirty-five," said Jimmy.

She smiled and answered, "You know I'm older than that, Jimmy."

Jimmy quickly replied, "Oh, yes, I know that, but daddy told me never to guess a woman's age over thirty-five."—William B. Baxley, 630 N. Gilmor St., Baltimore, Md.

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Avoidable Ailments

Many ailments start in the stomach, and most of these mean the system just needs a little more alkalin. For men and women of every age—and children as well—an anti-acid is what the doctor often advises. But why is he careful to say "take *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia"? First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; is used for a score of children's ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in perfect suspension, because in no other form can magnesia do the same things accomplished by Phillips. There is no more certain relief for acid stomach, indigestion, biliousness, or heartburn.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Vox

Problem: How to Be a Mother Though Intelligent

San Antonio, Texas—In reply to the letter of Mr. H. E. Hancock (he wrote just like a man) that birth control among the educated class of people must some day cause them to be conquered and submerged by inferior species who do not practice it, I wish to ask what is to prevent us all from becoming lower class people if we have too many babies?

I had three in three and one-half years, and, my husband being only a young salaried man, we have had to live like peons.

I have been through triple h— to the *n*th power, what with my health so poor and having to sit up nights trying to take care of three babies in the style to which the children of intelligent people are accustomed. And I do most of my own housework besides, but *not* in the style to which intelligent people are accustomed.

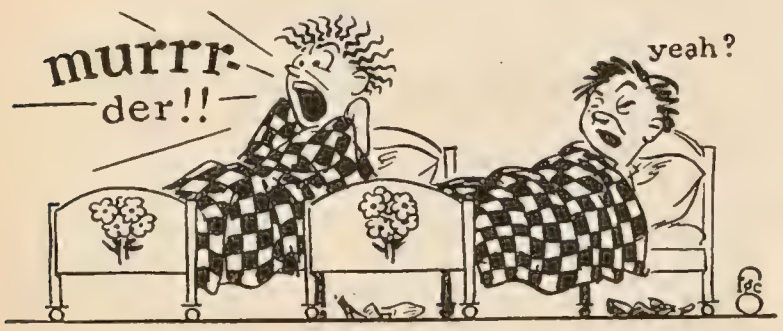
Birth control will certainly be the salvation and not the downfall of the world.

Intelligence always conquers.—*Modern mother who loves babies, but doesn't want too many.*

One's Never the Same After a Session of Sid

Rochester, N. Y.—The next time you see Mr. Sidney Sutherland on the street, or lunching at the club, will you kindly tell him, for me, that his articles are so fascinating they *galvanize* me.—*A Reader.*

Collingswood, N. J.—If Sidney Sutherland finds it as hard to pick the winners in his mystery contests as I do to solve them, you'd better decrease his salary and spend the difference in paying your electric light bill, for he's going to be busy twenty-four hours a day.



I have discovered one thing, if I never win a prize, and that is, my wife has nerves, and they become active between 1 and 2 A. M., after she's read one of Sidney's murder mysteries.

Please convey my heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Sutherland, although I don't know that you should. It's his own fault. Let him suffer. I'm suffering.—*Would-Be Detective.*

You're Just Too Adorably—Er—Quaint

New York, N. Y.—Don't you think Part Seven of Edward Doherty's "Murders on the Roof" was a bit—er—far fetched? I mean the installment in which Ted Morehouse leaps from an icy girder, with a strong wind blowing, and lands safely on the roof of a building ten feet away. Oh, and I forgot to say

it happened—er—sixty-one stories above the street.

What I'm trying to say is, do you think it—er—really happened? My opinion is that it—well, just never did happen. If it did happen, then I, too, had an interesting experience. You know, I chance to be a "human fly" by profession, and, one day, was climbing the side of a skyscraper. I had reached the twentieth floor, when I felt my fingers and feet slipping.

Glancing desperately above me, I saw a beautiful—er—long-haired stenographer bending out of the window, drying her hair. On an inspiration I caught her—er—hair in my teeth, and hung on. Fortunately, my teeth and her hair held firm. She drew me up to safety, and is now my—er—adored wife.—*A Very Human Fly.*

From a Murder Fan

Memphis, Tenn.—At the present time I am reading continued murder stories in two of Memphis' leading newspapers; in the Red Book, in Cosmopolitan, and in Liberty, and I really enjoy "The Murders on the Roof," by Edward Doherty, best of all.—*G. G.*

Why Optimistic?

St. Louis, Mo.—I read your editorial answering the squawks and kicks that came in when you had those covers showing how poor Uncle Ulysses took sick, and up and went and died.

You defended the idea of having those two mournful covers, and asked: "Why this great desire to escape the facts of life on a magazine cover?"

Well, carry that line of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and the perfect cover for Liberty would be a skeleton. We all die, don't we? And unless we're cremated or somethin', we're all going to be skeletons, aren't we? A skeleton is one of the facts of life.

Yes, better tell Thrasher to get busy on a nice optimistic skeleton.—*Chris.*

Well, Mr. Schwemmer, That's Life, Isn't It?

Johnstown, N. Y.—You seem to be very proud of your "For the Love o' Lil" series on your cover, and well you may be. But is it good business to put the best part of Liberty on the outside, where everybody can enjoy it free and for nothing?

Here is my experience as a newsdealer: A customer walks in, picks up the latest copy of Liberty, has a good laugh or a good cry, according to the nature of the picture, hands me a nickel—and goes home with the Saturday Evening Post!—*R. Schwemmer.*

Diagnosis

New Iberia, La.—Just through reading your editorial, "Our Covers," which told about the protests you've been getting because Leslie Thrasher has dwelt on those "unpleasant" aspects of life, birth and death.

I want to tell you your covers are All Right, and I ought to know. I see the "game" from the cradle to the grave.

Let 'em come! They're true to life.—*W. F. Carstens, M.D.*

Say Au Revoir But Not Good-bye

Laurel, Mont.—We just bought our last copy of Liberty. Gosh, but it was rotten! Four stories about crime and two about booze. That was all—except the dry old article about Bryan and some other old fogies that have been dead these many years.

We're still managing to get a kick out of Sandy and Lil. They are all that's left in Liberty that's human. You've decreased your size, your interest, and your sales. We'll attend your funeral and sing songs of the jubilee!—*Two Former Readers.*

Would They Be Willing to Lick Them Themselves?

Stockton, Calif.—I recently received a letter from a friend of mine who is confined within the cold gray walls of San Quentin penitentiary. Among other things he spoke about was

Pop

that the guests had to provide their own postage stamps for mail which they wished to send. They are allowed to write not more than one letter a day. It is the usual practice to order a dollar's worth of stamps at a time. This will provide postage for fifty days, should the inmate write every day.

It would seem no more than fair for the state to pay for these stamps. The men are confined against their will, and must complete a certain amount of work daily. Why ask them to spend what little they have for an item such as this?

Of course, it really would be splendid if some rich old man would make a provision in his will to create a trust fund, the interest from which would be used to purchase stamps for these prisoners. How about it?—*Ralph Kildare.*

Looking for Light

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Does it pay—in cold cash, I mean—to be a gentleman? I try to figure it out from LIBERTY'S stories and articles, and they don't get me anywheres. I wisht they would.

My boss tells we boys it don't pay. The way he looks at it is, to make your pile first and then turn round, if you want to, and put on the fancy trimmings. He says what put America on the map where she is, is that American men don't monkey with trying to be gentlemen, like Frenchmen, Englishmen, etc., until they got a big bank roll and can spend their time nursing pants creases.—*L. Katz.*

Thoughts for a Man from Bay City, Mich.

AUGUSTA, GA.—My blood began to surge and boil after reading the efforts of that sap from Bay City, Michigan,

who signed himself A Man, and Proud of It, in your Vox Pop page.

I don't blame him for not signing his name after an outburst like that. I wouldn't, either.

He says he is boss in his house, and that when he says boss he means *boss.* I have come to the conclusion, after careful and constant reflection, that his wife is feeble minded, or that he is a mammoth big—fibber, and I'm highly inclined to think that it is the latter.

If I started any of that funny business around my wife, I would be the victim of a fierce and much deserved attack from the well known rolling pin—or of a crowning with the dishpan.

She goes when and where she pleases, and I do likewise, as all good little husbands and wives should.—*D. Lyman.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just read, in Vox Pop, the letter from A Man, and Proud of It, and I am forced to change some of my deep rooted principles. I had supposed that only bones lying beside those of the mastodon, the dodo, and the eohippus remained of such people.

Personally I have always been much opposed to wives giving husbands fatal doses of poison, but, since reading said letter, my viewpoint has changed. There are exceptional cases.—*Only a Woman.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Please wire the following message, at my expense, to A Man, and Proud of It:

Fill your hat full of glue, and pull it down over your head, and let it stay there. It will make your wife happy.—*Nan Little.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I read the letter from A Man, and Proud of It. That perfect husband, Elbert Hubbard, once said: "There are two kinds of widows: the bereaved, and the relieved." Here's hoping that self-styled "man's" wife will soon be numbered amongst the latter.—*A Spinster, and Glad of It.*

Anybody's Liable to Make a Mistake

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Congratulations! Have just finished reading "Song in the Dark," by Barry Benefield. There must be some mistake, as I did not believe it possible for a truly worth while story to filter through your Editorial Department.—*R. A. Kuehl.*

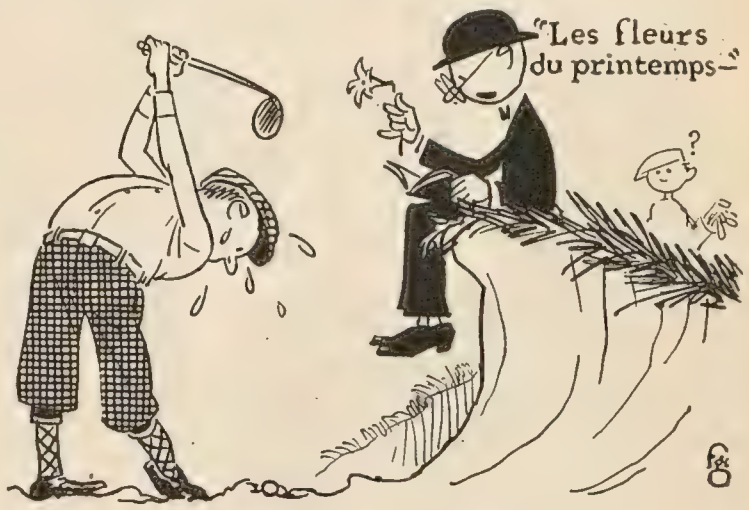
Good; We'll Print Some More

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—While your stories in their variety seem to be selected for multitudinous taste, I wish to speak a word of praise for the one thing that is, to me, the most salient feature of your delightful magazine: "Twenty Questions."

I answer these each week as I would a college quiz and grade myself accordingly. Fifty-two times twenty equals one thousand and forty. A year's quota, and all valuable information. This, too, at a cost of $2.60. So, if you printed *no* stories, it would still be worth the price to me.—*F. Hilliard.*

"Hardly Dempsey's" Is Right

BOSTON, MASS.—I wish to waft a compliment in your direction. Jack Dempsey's article, "My Ten Rules of Training," was brief, informative, right to the point, and, in short, excellent.



If I were to tell you the way I myself kept fit last summer, you'd say, "Come again, when you've less imagination." But truth is stranger than fiction, and this is truth—though my method was hardly Dempsey's.

I was hired by a self-made banker with commendable leanings toward culture to walk around a golf course with him, while he played—and read French poetry aloud to him. It happened three times a week.—*Student Who Learned French Abroad.*

Pleased to Meet You Both

DETROIT, MICH.—LIBERTY'S editorial screed is ever a joy. Nobody, anywhere, puts questions of the day so well. You never strike a poor note, and while one always agrees, one sighs with satisfaction to find one's ideas put so much better than one could do oneself!—*S. G. H.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Am writing to say that the editor of the editorials must be some editor to be able to write such good editorials as he writes.—*T. C.*

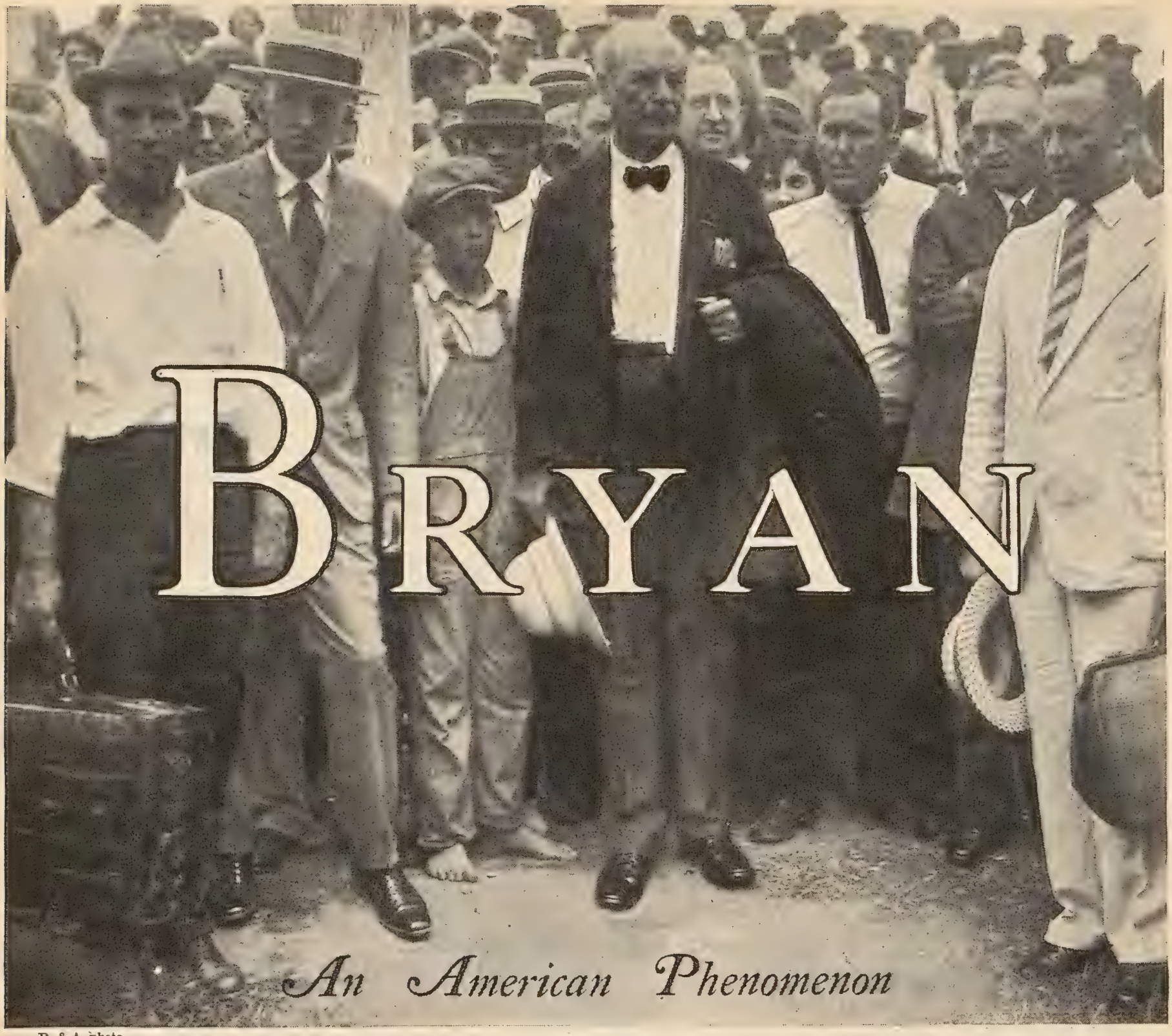
Probably

FORT SMITH, ARK.—If you handed these Vox Pop pessimists a check for a million, they'd complain because it was not in change.—*Booster.*

But It's Great to Be Crazy

MONTREAL, CAN.—If you call your magazine LIBERTY—what is captivity? The cover designs are getting monotonous. The stories are terrible.

The articles and various short features are not to be described in words, but by actions. And if Vox Pop continues, insanity will never be wiped out.—*Harold Hyman.*



BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

P. & A. photo

It was a big day for Dayton, Tennessee, was July 8, 1925, A. D., when Bryan arrived for the Scopes trial.

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

THE closing scenes of Bryan's political career, in 1920 and 1924, were chronicled last week. Mr. Werner went on to analyze the Commoner's militant fundamentalism, and his hatred of Darwin's theory of evolution.

PART TWELVE—THE LAST BATTLE

AT first Bryan was content to talk against evolution, but the danger to mankind was too great for him to refrain from action. He was in his last years a member of two organizations, one a somewhat secret society known as the Supreme Kingdom, and the other a militant campaigning organization known as the Bible Crusaders. Both of these organizations had for their purpose the stamping out of the teaching of evolution in the schools of the United States and the protection of the Bible from onslaughts of analysis or criticism that in any way seemed to cast doubt upon its divine authorship and the authenticity of its statements concerning the creation of the world and the birth of Christ.

And in 1923 Bryan was a candidate for the office of moderator of the Presbyterian Church. He wrote letters to leading clergymen asking for their support. He felt that as moderator he could fight for his religion more effectively. But he was defeated, and his attempt to force the Presbyterian General Assembly to pass an anti-evolution resolution was also defeated. He thereupon declared that the Assembly was "machine-ridden."

Incidentally, there was another reason for Bryan's desire to be moderator of the Presbyterian Church, which comes out clearly in a letter he wrote on May 2, 1923, to the Rev. Dr. John A. Marquis. (This letter is to be found among the Bryan Papers.) He began to feel that his religious activities would be the only source of his prominence, for he had already been made to feel keenly his political passing during the Democratic convention at San Francisco, and he was to be made to feel it still more keenly, and even cruelly, during the one in New York.

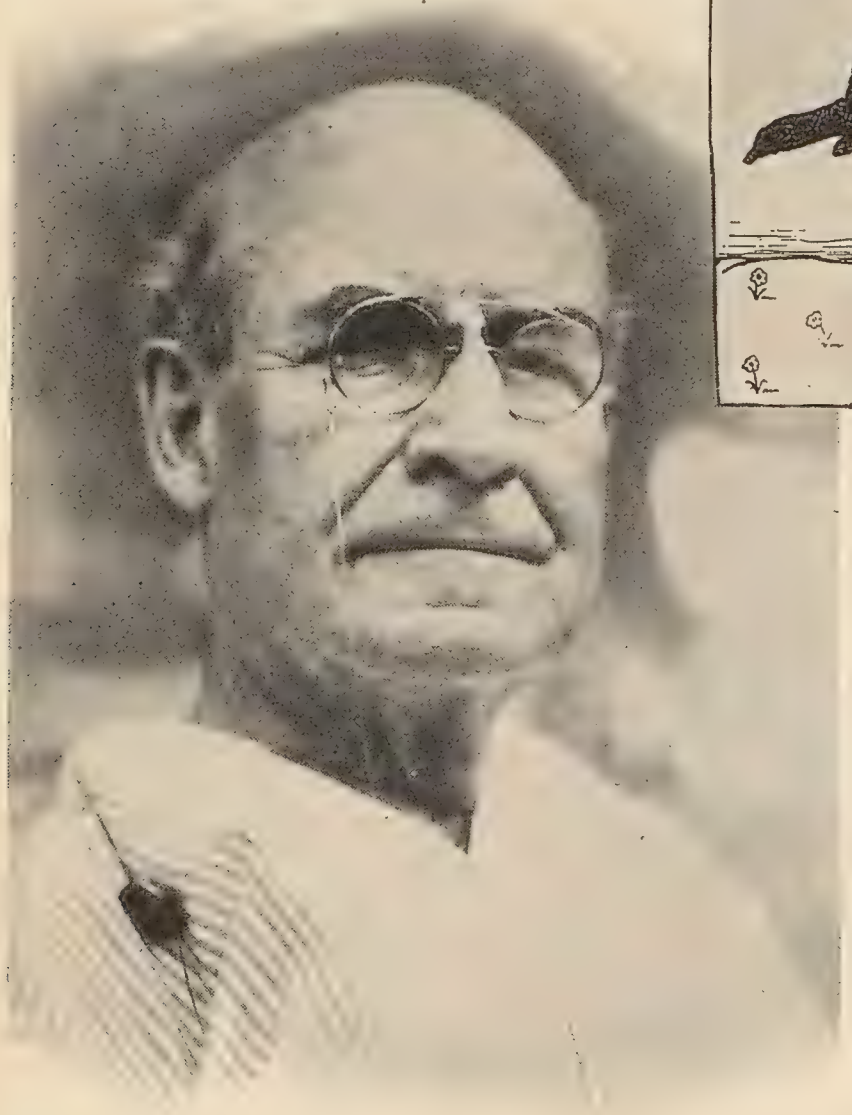
Bryan used all the powers of speech he possessed to fight evolution in his lectures during 1921, 1922, 1923, and 1924. In October, 1921, he got into a long and bitter controversy with Dr. Birge, the president of the University of Wisconsin, who said that lectures such as Bryan had delivered were more likely to make atheists than believers. Bryan retaliated with statements denouncing Dr. Birge for teaching and permitting to be taught at the University of Wisconsin a theory that men had "brute blood" and were descended from apes. He also offered $100 to Dr. Birge if he would sign a statement that he was descended from an ape personally, and that

he had "the right to teach the ape doctrines to the students of the university regardless of the wishes of parents and taxpayers."

Dr. Birge declined to compete for Mr. Bryan's $100. In a speech in West Virginia Bryan repeated his offer of $100 to any professor who would sign a statement that he was a descendant of an ape. Many professors in this case immediately volunteered, and Bryan sent $100 to Professor Spangler, with whom an extended controversy developed.

Bryan first began to attack the teaching of the theory of evolution in the schools of America when he came to the conclusion that young people were going away from the church as a result of their college training. "These repeated indications of unbelief, especially among college students, puzzled him," wrote Mrs. Bryan. "Upon investigation he became convinced that the teaching of evolution as a fact instead of a theory caused the students to lose faith in the Bible, first in the story of creation, and later in other doctrines which underlie the Christian religion. He then read numerous books, and, as always when investigating a subject, he read widely on both sides of this question."

As he lectured in various parts of the country fond parents complained to him



Underwood & Underwood photo

Bryan at Dayton. "Hour by hour he grew more bitter," according to H. L. Mencken, who was there.

that their children were straying from the fold, and wished his advice. "Four parents, two fathers and two mothers," Bryan wrote, "have complained to me that their daughters had their faith undermined in another woman's college. What shall it profit a student, boy or girl, if he gain an education and lose a soul?"

He insisted that something must be done at once about this crying shame. "Shall teachers, paid by taxation, be permitted to substitute the unproven hypothesis of scientists for the 'Thus saith the Lord' of the Bible, and so undermine the faith of the children of Christian taxpayers?" "The hand that writes the pay check rules the school," Bryan told the legislature of West Virginia, when he made a speech urging the legislators to pass a law making it illegal for teachers to teach the theory of evolution in the schools of that state. And he liked the phrase so much that he repeated it in his book Seven Questions in Dispute.

In this book he also gave the following as his opinion of the functions of a teacher: "If a teacher of evolution insists that he should be permitted to teach whatever he pleases, regardless of the wishes of the taxpayers, the answer is obvious. He should teach what he is employed to teach, just as a painter uses the colors that his employer desires. . . . If we are so careful not to permit employees of the public to do other things that are objectionable, why should we permit teachers employed by the state to deny the existence of God, whose name we stamp upon our coin—'In God We Trust'—or scoff at the Bible, which our President uses when he takes the oath of office?"

Frueh in the Chattanooga Daily Times

"Me and the boy friend, the boy friend and me, we stick together like sap to the tree."

BRYAN even went further. He told the students at Northwestern University on the occasion of their class-day exercises: "No teacher should be allowed on the faculty of any American university unless he is a Christian. And where the Bible is not taught, no other philosophy should be substituted."

Bryan had been sometimes on the other side of the fence when the question of academic freedom arose many years before. He wrote in the Commoner in 1901 defending the right of college professors to teach what they believed to be right, when six professors resigned from Leland Stanford University because of the attempt of the widow of Senator Stanford to regulate their teaching. "It is a good sign," wrote Bryan in a Commoner editorial, "when the teacher rebels and surrenders his salary in preference to surrendering his principles."

But this was a case of the wicked corporation influences and the wicked rich trying to dictate the educational policies of America.

In 1905 Bryan had resigned from the position of chairman of the board of trustees of Illinois College, his alma mater, because the college accepted a gift from Andrew Carnegie. "Our college," he wrote the trustees, "cannot serve God and Mammon." And he was more anxious to force it to serve God than Carnegie was to force it to serve Mammon.

Deep down in his heart Bryan had an utter contempt for education, because it was undemocratic, and because he was, in spite of some years of formal instruction, uneducated. He lacked that rarest of intellectual virtues, speculating curiosity, and he was bitter in his denunciation of those who possessed it. "It is better," he wrote, "to trust in the Rock of Ages than to know the age of the rocks; it is better for one to know that he is close to the Heavenly Father than to know how far the stars in the heavens are apart."

He resented fiercely the activities of scientists in search of knowledge. He told the legislature of West Virginia on April 13, 1923: "Men who would not cross the street to save a soul have traveled around the world

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
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in search of skeletons. If they find a stray tooth in a gravel pit, they hold a conclave and fashion a creature such as they suppose the possessor of the tooth to have been, and then they shout derisively at Moses."

Bryan did not wish anyone else to believe what he was afraid to believe, for he could not endure the thought that they might to that extent be superior to him. He had been the representative of the common man too long to enable him to acknowledge the value of intellectual leadership.

Feeling as strongly as he did about the dangers of teaching evolution, Bryan went about to state legislatures and asked them to pass laws making the teaching of evolution a crime. He and his propagandist friends succeeded in persuading the legislature of Florida to pass such a law. Kentucky escaped by only one vote, and Tennessee passed such a law in 1925. In consequence, the attention of the world was to be focused on Dayton, Tennessee.

Before considering the Dayton trial in detail, it is necessary to note that Bryan had not abandoned politics completely for religion. It was his ambition to become United States senator from Florida in 1926. He once told a Democratic dinner that it had been his boyhood ambition to sit in the United States Senate, and, as we have seen, he was once an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate from Nebraska. Writing to the editor of the Sanford Herald, of Sanford, Florida, sometime in 1925, Bryan said in part:

P. & A. photo

In a Dayton pulpit. On his first Sunday in the town Bryan delivered two sermons.

I dread the idea of taking on any additional load of care, but I feel that this is my last opportunity to render a service to the party which has made me what I am and given me all I have. I regard a union of the South and West as the only hope of the party. Being a resident of the South and acquainted with the West, and having an influence, I believe I could render the party more service than I could in any other way and—if it does not seem like assuming too much—I believe I can render the party more service than any other person now in the Senate or likely to be there during the next few years.

Aside from this service that I can render to the party at large, I feel that I can be of service to Florida. . . .

IN a letter to the editor of Labor, of Washington, D. C., Bryan wrote: "The term in the Senate would enable me to help lay the foundations for the next Presidential campaign and for the Presidential campaign following. By that time I would be seventy-two and I dare not look much beyond that time."

There was one other enterprise in which Bryan was interested during 1925, besides the anti-evolution movement, Florida real estate, and the United States senatorship from Florida.

He planned, through the agency of a travel bureau, a great pilgrimage to the Holy Land to take place in the spring of 1926. A publicity agent was to go along, and the educational manager of the Intercollegiate Tours sent circulars and invitations to a list of people selected by Bryan from among his acquaintances.

There is among Bryan's papers in the Library of Congress a fragment of the rough draft of a prospectus drawn up for the contemplated pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It assured those to whom it was designed to appeal: "It is not necessary that the pilgrims who accompany should think as Mr. Bryan does on either politics or religion, but it is highly desirable that they be sympathetic to a religious view of life, and to approach this experience with a sense of the spiritual values involved."

The words "think as Mr. Bryan does" were crossed out, and in the margin was substituted "wholly agree with." The next paragraph assured prospective pilgrims: "It should be understood, however, that this pilgrimage is not a long-faced affair. There will be fun, and plenty of it, wherever Mr. Bryan is," and added in the margin, apparently in Bryan's handwriting, was: "'Be of good cheer' was a phrase used by the Saviour." But the crowning inducement was the following:

Pilgrims may expect from Mr. Bryan a series of addresses that embody his beliefs and enthusiasms and that are wholly appropriate to the places visited. Among them will be an address on Abraham at a spot made sacred by his presence, an address on Mars Hill at Athens, an oration delivered on the rostrum where Demosthenes thundered against the Macedonian, another in the great stone theater at Ephesus where occurred the uproar over the Apostle Paul; in connection with our traversing the land of Goshen, an appreciation of the career of Moses; over the manger at Bethlehem, his famous oration on the Prince of Peace; Good Friday in the Garden of Gethsemane, an interpretation of the Passion; at dawn on Easter morning, a service beside the Garden Tomb; and in the afternoon on the summit of Olivet, the Great Commission.

In addition, during the voyages Mr. Bryan will hold his usual Sunday Bible classes.

BUT the plans for this great pilgrimage were interrupted by the demands of the religious crusade against Darwin's theory of evolution created by the efforts of some men in the town of Dayton, Tennessee, to break the law.

In the spring of 1925 four men were sitting in Robinson's drug store on the main street of Dayton, Tennessee, discussing the recent anti-evolution law passed by the state legislature of Tennessee. Two of them were lawyers; one of them was a chemical engineer, George W. Rappleyea, manager of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company; and the fourth was John T. Scopes, an instructor of biology in the county high school. The engineer, Mr. Rappleyea, gave it as his opinion that "the best way to find God was in the laboratory of the biologist and the open book of the geologist."

Scopes remarked that he "could not see how a man could teach the theories of biology from the state textbooks and escape bringing in a general discussion of the theory of evolution." Mr. Rappleyea took down from a shelf a copy of A Civic Biology by Professor George W. Hunter, for the country drug store was also the school book store. He asked Scopes whether he followed Professor Hunter's text in his classroom, and Scopes answered that he did.

Mr. Rappleyea suggested that in that case Scopes was guilty of violating the anti-evolution statute and ought to be arrested and tried. He urged Scopes to test the law by consenting to be arrested. At first Scopes was reluctant. He did not enjoy publicity. But he finally consented, and the next day a warrant was sworn out by Rappleyea for the arrest of Scopes. Then Rappleyea sent a telegram to the American Civil Liberties Union in New York City asking that organization for support of Scopes' case. Scopes was arrested on May 9, 1925, and held for action by the Rhea County grand jury. On May 25 the grand jury returned an indictment against Scopes charging him with violating the state's anti-evolution statute, and Judge J. T. Raulston called a special term of the Rhea County circuit court to hear the case on July 10.

The lawyers for the state of Tennessee communicated with Bryan and asked him to be one of the counsel for the prosecution. He consented, and then Clarence Darrow of Chicago consented to head the defense counsel, which also included Arthur Garfield Hays and Dudley Field Malone of New York and Judge Neal of Tennessee. Besides Mr. Bryan the state's counsel consisted of Bryan's son, W. J. Bryan, Jr., Attorney-General Stewart, B. G. McKenzie, and the two Hicks brothers of Dayton, who had been connected with the start of the case.

As soon as the news was published that a man was to be tried in Dayton, Tennessee, in July, 1925, for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution, the attention of the whole world was centered on the case. Some of the inhabitants of Chattanooga, Tennessee, saw that Dayton was about to receive a great deal of free advertising, and they decided to rush through a test case of their own for the glory of Chattanooga. A meeting was called in Dayton to protest against this attempt to steal the town's publicity. At the meeting Mr. Rappleyea gave a short talk on evolution, and a barber in the audience rushed up to the platform and hit him, because he maintained that Mr. Rappleyea's remarks were a personal reflection upon his family. Soon afterward one of Dayton's two policemen met Mr. Rappleyea in a store. He asked him to sit down, and when he had sat down struck him.

Dayton made great preparations for the "monkey trial," as it soon began to be called in the newspapers. Dayton had a population of 1,800 persons, and hitherto the town had been noted chiefly for its strawberry crop, for at the time of the trial it was the boast that Dayton had that year "shipped more strawberries than any community on earth." As the time for the trial approached Dayton was crowded with evangelists, hot-dog venders, curiosity seekers, traveling performers, ice-cream cone salesmen, and newspaper correspondents.

THE monkey motif was everywhere. Robinson's drug store sold a Monkey Fizz. The city market announced: "We handle all kinds of meat except monkey," and a local druggist advised the visitors: "Don't monkey around when you come to Dayton, but call on us." Two live chimpanzees were brought to Dayton. The owners offered them to the defense as exhibits, but when Mr. Darrow and Mr. Malone said that they were not using exhibits, the chimpanzees were placed on exhibition in an empty store, where the trainers used them to illustrate a lecture attacking the theory of evolution. Mr. Bryan was said to have attended one of these lectures.

When he arrived, he was met at the station by W. D. Lilliard, one of his ardent political and religious supporters, who had in his hand a bunch of radishes which he had raised especially for the occasion. The night of his arrival Bryan made a speech at a dinner given to him by the Progressive Dayton Club, which also gave one for Clarence Darrow. "Why should the size of the town be a matter of importance in the trial of a religious case?" Bryan asked. "Christianity began in a small town."

Bryan received hundreds of telegrams from all over the country praising his stand on evolution, and he must have received many of abuse, but none of the latter are among his papers in the Library of Congress. Billy Sunday, the evangelist, wrote to Bryan on the Fourth of July, 1925, from Hood River, Oregon, sending him some characteristic ideas for anti-evolution arguments.

Aimee Semple McPherson telegraphed to Bryan: "Ten thousand members of Angelus Temple with her missions of radio church membership send grateful appreciation of your lion hearted championship of the Bible against evolution and throw our hats in the ring with you for God and the Bible as is Stop Constant prayer during week all night prayer Saturday night Stop Sunday afternoon Bible parade mass meeting and trial with hanging and burial of monkey teachers Tennessee can count on us. Aimee Semple McPherson."

A telegram from Smackover, Arkansas, read:

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
CARE COURT HOUSE DAYTON TENN
MY DEAR BROTHER BRYAN FIGHT THEM EVO-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SPRIG KODE?

WHEN YOU ARE BLESSED WITH ONE OF THOSE SPRING COLDS WHICH MAKES EVEN GARLIC TASTELESS . . . THERE IS STILL ONE CIGARETTE FOR YOUR COMPLETE TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

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IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Fight on Fat

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The scientific world has long been conducting an effective war on fat. A major cause of excess fat has been found in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. When that gland is underactive, too much food goes to fat. The modern method of treatment aims to correct that deficiency.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus the use has grown and grown. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen in every circle. Slender figures are the rule now. Excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was.

Marmola is not secret. Every box contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. The prescription was perfected by a learned physician in a famous medical laboratory.

No hard work, no starvation is required, though moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which has brought such results to so many. You owe that to yourself if you are over-fat. Beauty and youth, health and vigor, all demand it. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-three]

LUTIONS UNTIL HELL FREEZES OVER AND THEN GIVE THEM A ROUND ON THE ICE GOD BLESS YOU IN YOUR TIME OF TRIALS AND GIVE YOU WISDOM AND GRACE TO DO WHAT DEAR JESUS WILL SMILE UPON YOUR UNACQUAINTED BROTHER
HAPPY GORDON MEAD

Other telegrams quoted Scripture passages to cheer Bryan on in his fight, and one evangelist telegraphed him that he was the St. Paul of the twentieth century.

The first business of the Scopes trial was the selection of a jury. This was accomplished easily enough from among the farmers and men of the neighborhood.

The second day of the trial the court opened with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Moffett, who begged the indirect question of the case somewhat in his very first sentences, when he prayed: "O God, our Father, Thou who are the creator of the heaven and the earth and the sea and all that is in them, Thou who are the preserver and controller of all things, Thou who wilt bring out all things to Thy glory in the end, we thank Thee this morning that Thou doest not only fill the heavens, but Thou does also fill the earth."

When court opened on the third day Clarence Darrow objected to the opening each day with a prayer. The judge overruled his objection on the ground that it had always been his custom to open his court with a prayer whenever a minister was available. Judge Raulston was an avowed fundamentalist and he had held revival meetings in the neighborhood of Dayton a few weeks before he presided over the Scopes trial. Darrow maintained that since this case was one of a conflict between science and religion, there should be no attempt to influence the jury by prayer.

Attorney-General Stewart denied that the Scopes case was a case of a conflict between science and religion. He said that the prosecution thought it proper to open the court proceedings with prayer, if the judge so desired. "And," he added, "such an idea extended by the agnostic counsel for the defense is foreign to the thoughts and ideas of the people, who do not know anything about infidelity and care less."

International photo

Bryan with J. T. Raulston, the judge before whom the Scopes evolution case was tried at Dayton.

THIS statement started the first lawyers' quarrel of the case. Arthur Garfield Hays, of the defense, objected to the phrase "agnostic counsel for the defense," and Dudley Field Malone replied to this remark of the attorney general by pointing out that he personally was not an agnostic and that prayers in the courtroom "help to increase the atmosphere of hostility to our point of view, which already exists in this community by widespread propaganda." This statement made Attorney General Stewart very angry, and he replied: "So far as creating an atmosphere of hostility is concerned, I would advise Mr. Malone that this is a God-fearing country." "And it is no more God-fearing country than that from which I came," said Malone.

This was the first outbreak of one of the underlying currents of the whole case. Bryan as soon as he arrived in Dayton had announced himself as the defender of the honest country yeoman against the city smart man. All through the trial there were indications that besides being a case of God vs. Darwin, of State of Tennessee vs. John Thomas Scopes, this was a case of Rural vs. Urban. The judge finally ruled that he would have his prayer. Mr. Darrow took an exception, and the case went on.

The state simply proved that John T. Scopes had taught the theory of evolution in a high school of Rhea County, Tennessee. For this purpose they called a fourteen-year-old student in Scopes' class, Howard Morgan, who with superb simplicity told what Scopes had taught him of the origin of life:

"He said that the earth was once a hot molten mass, too hot for plant or animal life to exist upon it; in the sea the earth cooled off; there was a little germ of one-cell organism formed, and this organism kept evolving until it got to be a pretty good-sized animal, and then came on to be a land animal, and it kept on evolving, and from this was man."

Darrow asked the boy: "It has not hurt you any, has it?"—"No, sir," he answered.

The act passed by the legislature of the state of Tennessee read:

> Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of the state of Tennessee, that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools in the state, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the state, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals.

THE prosecution maintained that once it had proved that Scopes taught the theory of evolution, it had proved that he was guilty of violating the statute. The defense maintained first that the statute was unconstitutional, and the judge denied their motion to quash the indictment on that ground. Then the defense set up an elaborate argument to prove that the theory of evolution did not deny the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, because it had nothing to do with the Bible.

This involved expert testimony on exactly what the theory of evolution was and exactly what the Bible was. Dudley Field Malone summed up the argument for the defense when he said that the prosecution must prove not only that Scopes had "taught the theory of evolution, but that he also, and at the same time, denied the theory of creation as set forth in the Bible." He admitted, in order to eliminate misunderstanding, that "the defense believes there is a direct conflict between the theory of evolution and the theories of creation as set forth in the Book of Genesis." And he also admitted that the defense believed that the stories of creation as set forth in the Bible were neither reconcilable nor scientifically correct.

Then he brought in Mr. Bryan: "While the defense thinks there is a conflict between evolution and the Old Testament, we believe there is no conflict between evolution and Christianity. There may be a conflict between evolution and the peculiar ideas of Christianity which are held by Mr. Bryan as the evangelical leader of the prosecution, but we deny that the evangelical leader of the prosecution is an authorized spokesman for the Christians of the United States.

"The narrow purpose of the defense," said Mr. Malone, "is to establish the innocence of the defendant Scopes. The broad purpose of the defense will be to prove that the Bible is a work of religious aspiration and rules of conduct which must be kept in the field of theology. . . .

"The defense maintains that there is no more justification for imposing the conflicting views of the Bible on courses of biology than there would be for imposing the views of biologists on courses of comparative religion. We maintain that science and religion embrace two separate and distinct fields of thought and learning."

The place to maintain that, however, was in the legislature of Tennessee before the law was passed, and the judge decided that he would not permit expert testimony to prove what the theory of evolution was and what the Bible was. Arthur Brisbane summed the matter up when he wrote: "The learned judge in the monkey trial says scientific experts must not be heard—a wise decision. If a great state has decided by law that twice two are five it would be foolish to allow mathematicians to testify."

But the attention of the world was not concentrated on the case for the purpose of discerning whether Scopes taught something out of a biology book. The world was interested in the arguments, extraneous to the point at issue, as to whether in 1925 a state of the United States would be permitted to prohibit the teaching of evolution, as to whether Mr. Bryan with his terrified longings for immortality would be able to conquer the forces interested in the development of knowledge.

Bryan was not opposing religious freedom: he was opposing education. He maintained that the public schools should teach only what the majority of the taxpayers wished to learn. He did not believe that men should be compelled to worship as he did—as much as he would have wished that happy consummation—nor did he believe that men should not be permitted to believe in the theory of evolution. He merely insisted that, since his followers were not permitted to teach their theology in the public schools, the biologists must not be permitted to teach their theory of evolution in the public schools, for Bryan and his followers had become convinced that children were turned from theology by biology.

Breaking Home Ties, by Hovenden, was Bryan's second choice among paintings. As he said, "You will find it in every Y. M. C. A." His first favorite was Bodenhausen's Madonna and Child, at the left.

AS such they had a case that on the surface sounded fair to many minds, but which was fundamentally barbarious if one happened to believe in freedom of education.

Mr. Sue K. Hicks, one of the lawyers for the state, said:

We are not endeavoring to run here a teachers' institute; we do not want to make out of this a high school or college; we do not object for these foreign gentlemen, as they please to call themselves.

THE COURT: Do not call them that.

MR. HICKS: They call themselves that.

MR. MALONE: That is all right.

THE COURT: That is all right.

MR. HICKS: We do not object to them coming into Tennessee and putting up a college. We will give them the ground to put the college on, if they want to educate the people of Tennessee as they say they do. But this is a court of law, it is not a court of instruction for the mass of humanity at large. . . .

If they want to make a school down here in Tennessee to educate our poor ignorant people, let them establish a school out here; let them bring down their great experts. The people of Tennessee do not object to that, but we do object to them making a schoolhouse or a teachers' institute out of this court. . . . I say this in defense of the state, although I think it is unnecessary: the most ignorant man in Tennessee is a highly educated, polished gentleman compared to the most ignorant man in some of our northern states, because of the fact that the ignorant man of Tennessee is a man without an opportunity, but the men in our northern states, the northern man in some of our larger northern cities, have the opportunity without the brain. [Laughter.]

Try as they did, the judge, the lawyers for the prosecution, and the lawyers for the defense could not prevent constant outbreaks of the indirect issue of the case, the conflict between the sophistication of the great city and the simplicity of the lowly yeoman. All during the trial the attorneys broke out in angry comments on each other's places of residence. Most of these, it is true, came from the defenders of Tennessee.

We have already seen that as soon as he arrived in Dayton, Bryan sprang to the defense of the yeomanry and defended them from the accusation that they were merely country yokels. In the speech which he did not get a chance to deliver in the courtroom, he said:

I appreciate the sturdy honesty and independence of those who come into daily contact with the earth, who, living near to nature, worship nature's God, and who, dealing with the mysteries of earth and air, seek to learn from revelation about the Bible's wonder-working God. I admire the stern virtues, the vigilance, and the patriotism of the class from which the jury is drawn. . . .

DURING the first days of the trial Bryan was practically silent. On the first Sunday in Dayton he delivered two sermons, one in the Methodist Episcopal Church South in the morning and the second in the afternoon on the lawn of the courthouse. Judge Raulston and his daughters attended the church sermon. Bryan was greeted with applause when he entered the church. Among other things he said:

"Thank God I am going to spend the latter years of my life in a locality where there is a belief in God, and in the Son of God, and in a civilization to be based on salvation through blood."

Bryan, sixty-five years old, was showing painful signs of decay. H. L. Mencken, who attended the Dayton trial, wrote this description of him:

It was plain to everyone who knew him, when he came to Dayton, that his great days were behind him—that, for all the fury of his hatred, he was now definitely an old man, and headed at last for silence. There was a vague, unpleasant manginess about his appearance; he somehow seemed dirty, though a close glance showed him as carefully shaven as an actor, and clad in immaculate linen. All the hair was gone from the dome of his head, and it had begun to fall out, too, behind his ears, in the obscene manner of the late Samuel Gompers. The resonance had departed from his voice; what was once a bugle blast had become reedy and quavering. Who knows that, like Demosthenes, he had a lisp? In the old days, under the magic of his eloquence, no one noticed it. But when he spoke at Dayton it was always audible. . . .

By the end of the week he was simply a walking fever. Hour by hour he grew more bitter. What the Christian Scientists call malicious animal magnetism seemed to radiate from him like heat from a stove. From my place in the courtroom, standing upon a table, I looked directly down upon him, sweating horribly and pumping his palm-leaf fan. His eyes fascinated me; I watched them all day long. They were blazing points of hatred. They glittered like occult and sinister gems. Now and then they wandered to me, and I got my share, for my reports of the trial had come back to Dayton, and he had read them. It was like coming under fire.

At last, on the fifth day, Bryan rose to speak. The expectation was great; it was generally supposed that he would surpass his Cross of Gold oration. The occasion of his speech was the argument against the admission of expert testimony on evolution and the Bible. Bryan first told the court why he had not spoken before, giving as

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[BRYAN
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his reason that the questions of law were presented by people who could present them better than he could. He said that he had been tempted to speak, but that he had been able to resist the temptation, even in face of the fact that his name had been drawn into the case by all the attorneys for the defense.

"The principal attorney," he said, "has often suggested that I am the arch-conspirator and that I am responsible for the presence of this case and I have almost been credited with leadership of the ignorance and bigotry which he thinks could alone inspire a law like this."

Bryan stood before the bar of the court in his shirtsleeves, while Mrs. Bryan sat in her wheel chair and listened to his arguments.

He went on to argue: "This is not the place to try to prove that the law ought never to have been passed. The place to prove that, or teach that, was to the legislature." He pointed out that New York, "the one from which this impulse comes to resist this law," would resent it if attorneys were sent into that state to convince the people that they should not have passed a law repealing the enforcement of prohibition. He then pointed out that the law of the legislature of the state of Tennessee supplanted Hunter's biology, and that Scopes should not have taught from that book.

THEN he discussed evolution and regaled his audience with what he considered witticisms. He asked for a copy of Hunter's biology:

> On page 194 we have a diagram, and this diagram purports to give someone's family tree. Not only his ancestors but his collateral relatives. We are told just how many animal species there are, 518,900. And in this diagram, beginning with the protozoa, we have the animals classified. . . .
>
> And then we run down to the insects, 360,000 insects. Two-thirds of all the species of all the animal world are insects. And sometimes, in the summertime, we feel that we become intimately acquainted with them. A large percentage of the species are mollusks and fishes. Now we are getting up near our kinfolks—13,000 fishes. Then there are the amphibia. I don't know whether they have not yet decided to come out, or have almost decided to go back. [Laughter in the courtroom.] But they seem to be somewhat at home in both elements. And then we have the reptiles, 3,500; and then we have 13,000 birds. Strange that this should be exactly the same as the number of fishes, round numbers. And then we have mammals, 3,500, and there is a little circle and man is in the circle, find him, find man.
>
> There is that book! There is the book they were teaching your children, that man was a mammal and so indistinguishable among the mammals that they leave him there with thirty-four hundred and ninety-nine other mammals. [Laughter and applause.] Including elephants. [Laughter.]
>
> Talk about putting Daniel in the lions' den! How dare those scientists put man in a little ring like that with lions and tigers and everything that is bad! Not only the evolution is possible, but the scientists possibly think of shutting man up in a little circle like that with all these animals, that have an odor that extends beyond the circumference of this circle, my friends. [Extended laughter.]

In the extended laughter many of his hearers forgot to note that Bryan had played his cheapest trick. He had taken approximate figures of species and made them into definite numbers of population. Bryan then went on to tell the courtroom the dangers to children of pulling man down from the throne of God. He quoted from Darwin's The Descent of Man, and used what he had used before on the lecture platform and was therefore sure would get a laugh: "Not even from American monkeys, but from Old World monkeys. [Laughter.]" Bryan said: "Now, my friends—I beg pardon, if the court please, I have been so in the habit of talking to an audience instead of a court that I will sometimes say 'my friends,' although I happen to know not all of them are my friends. [Laughter.]"

P. & A. photo

The young man in the center is John T. Scopes, defendant in the famous evolution case. At the right is Clarence Darrow, who headed the defense counsel, and at the left is Dudley Field Malone.

IN his speech Bryan asked the defense to brace itself for a shock and then announced that he was a member of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, and he also pointed out with pride that he had more degrees than the scientist witnesses of the defense. He neglected to mention that most of his were honorary. He then quoted Darrow on the effect of reading Nietzsche upon Leopold and Loeb, the two students whom Darrow had defended against the charge of murder.

Mr. Darrow objected strenuously to the attempt of Bryan to inject that case into the Scopes case, but Bryan was permitted by Judge Raulston to read from Darrow's speech to the jury in the Leopold-Loeb murder trial. The court permitted Bryan considerable latitude, for it was generally recognized that his was a speech rather than an argument, and the trial was beginning, imperceptibly, to enter into that phase which everybody expected and was hoping for, a mock trial and debate.

Bryan got back to his original argument against expert testimony for a moment when he said:

> Now, your honor, when it comes to Bible experts, do they think that they can bring them in here to instruct the members of the jury, eleven of whom are members of the church? I submit that of the eleven members of the jury, more of the jurors are experts on what the Bible is than any Bible expert who does not subscribe to the true spiritual influences or spiritual discernments of what our Bible says. [Voice in audience: "Amen!"]
>
> MR. BRYAN [continuing]: And the man may discuss the Bible all he wants to, but he does not find out anything about the Bible until he accepts God and the Christ of whom He tells.
>
> MR. DARROW: I hope the reporters got the amens in the record.

Bryan went on to protest that this was not a mock trial. "If those gentlemen want to enter upon a larger field of educational work on the subject of evolution, let us get through with this case and then convene a mock court, for it will deserve the title of mock court if its purpose is to banish from the hearts of the people the Word of God as revealed. [Great applause.]"

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Mr. Werner's biography of William Jennings Bryan will be concluded in next week's issue.

A short rest is always good

~ old proverb

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This Red-Haired GIRL

An Afghan Love Story

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Pictures by DAN CONTENT

She trembled as she heard Hassan Nasrullah Khan's purring words: "If you do not like my castle I shall find you a grander one."

GOUTHIA was the name of this red-haired girl. She was the daughter of Mustaffa Timoor, chief of the Abdalli tribe of northern Afghans, and—though this was before black fate happened to her and filed tongues were busy with scandal—it was said of her that when she entered a house blithe joy entered alongside of her two feet, and when she left dullness returned.

Later on, there was different telling in the hills. Later on, the gray-beards mumbled that ill luck followed her like a shadow, the youths sneered as she passed, while the women shrugged their shoulders and whispered that—by Allah!—her first man had been bad and her second worse . . . and did it not show the curious, twisted ways of the broad world that the worse man should have given her the greater happiness?

But then, as to this second man being worse, we must take into account the strong prejudice there was against him for no sounder reason—reason enough in the hills—that he was one of the storm-men, as they were called in the Afghan tongue.

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[THIS RED-HAIRED GIRL
Continued from page fifty-nine]

These storm-men were the descendants of Tartar raiders who, many generations earlier, had swept out of the Siberian steppe with the rattle of the sword and the scream and bray of the war trumpet; had torn into the peaceful valleys like a red whirlwind of destruction, looting, burning, killing; the wheeling, carrion-fed vultures paralleling their progress on eager wings. They had settled in the country. Fighting among themselves, their numbers had decreased. So had their power as, year after year, the age of steel had given way to the age of barter and coined silver.

Today they were no longer like their forefathers, robbers bloody and unashamed. But they were still despisers of law and order; preferring the moors and forests to tight, warm, cozy houses; mocking at chief and king and the decent toil of the fields and cattle pens; mocking even—may the Lord Allah forgive them!—at the green-turbaned priests' exhortations about punishment in the hereafter for the wicked and shining reward for the righteous.

Love for this red-haired girl came to him quickly. Like someth

JAUNTY, ragged fellows they were, lean as rakes, a bit hard in the look, and braggart; and there was no proper Afghan, gentleman or commoner, between Balkh and Kandahar, who would not rather have put his own dagger to his daughter's throat than have her share a storm-man's couch.

One of these storm-men was called Attila Hamdi. He was good-looking enough to go on with, as Habeebah, his mother, said of him: tall and broad, with chilly, gray eyes that quested like an eagle's; mouth wide and crimson and ever a laugh lurking at the corners; teeth drift white; and strong, hairy hands that had a trick of reaching out for whatever he fancied of another man's possessions.

In fact, there was little doubt that most of the cattle whose flesh he sold to the caravan men had crossed a farmer's fence in the black dead of night, muzzled and tail first; and when one of these caravan men, a rich trader who had taken a fancy to him, warned him that sooner or later he would be caught and have his feet slashed to ribbons by the bastinado, Attila Hamdi replied:

"What of it? The soles of my feet will heal again. I know a salve made of wild herbs that is cunning and soothing."

"Stealing is a bad deed," came the grave, shocked rejoinder.

"What of that? If other folk could get as sound contentment out of their good deeds as I out of my bad, it would be the happy, happy world to live in a while."

The merchant was silent for a few seconds. But, let us repeat, he liked the storm-man, and he went on:

"There are lessons you must learn. I shall teach you. Come with me. And I shall make you decent and powerful and prosperous. . . ."

"Decency is how you look at things. To some it is love, to others hate; to some it is a flower, to others a dagger. And as to power and prosperity—I have enough of both. A king I am in my own right."

"Where is your kingdom?" smiled the other.

"Up there!" Attila Hamdi pointed to the high, purple hills. "Up there in the hidden glens and the far, torn

etly wild it was; like the scent of myrtle blown across the moors.

crags! And my subjects the fish in the pools, the badgers in their holes, the eagles that bark at the mist, the dappled deer that roam through the laurel wold, the brown foxes that slink in the underbrush. Tell me—is there a finer kingdom anywhere?"

"Yes. For there is Kabul, the king's town, golden, glittering. Come with me, O storm-man!" he insisted. "The brain you have and the brawn . . . and in Kabul you shall get whatever you wish—a silken bed to sleep on—money to spend—the pick of the black-haired bazaar girls . . ."

"I have what I wish now," interrupted Attila Hamdi. "I have the heather to sleep in during the burning of summer, and a camel's-hair cloak in the biting of hard winter. I have money enough"—he slapped his waist shawl so that the rupees, seven of them, clicked and clanked—"and when it comes to the girls—black-haired bazaar girls or red-haired village girls—to the devil with them all!"

He laughed and went on his way.

But he sang a different tune a few days later, at least where red-haired village girls were concerned.

Such a day it was! Such a day as you can find only in the Afghan hills!

A blowing, brawling, blustering day of late autumn, and already a keen tang of frost in the air; and, in the deep forests, the birds and beasts telling each other that winter will soon be here; and, down in the pools, the fat, ruddy trout lying snug and comfortable on the gravel.

TROUT-FISHING, that's what Attila Hamdi liked; not with baited line—a farmer's way, he called it contemptuously—but by plunging a quick, clever hand into the water, gripping the squirmy fellows by the gills, jerking them out on the bank . . . and then, as often as not, putting them back again in the pool, unharmed, if rather frightened.

He had been roaming since early morning. Now he was squatting on his heels, a blazing log fire warming his back, and on a stick above a small fire a chicken roasting—and we may as well add that he had found this same chicken farther down the valley as he had crossed the village of the Abdalli tribe.

Alone he was, but not lonesome. For everywhere around him, untamed nature was whispering and gossiping; somewhere a stag bellowed with a loud throat; and across the blue strip of the sky a flock of wild geese went southward, honking. So there was no lonesomeness.

Yet, suddenly, unreasonably, a saddening, curious imagining came to him.

"Here am I," he told himself, "and here are these lichened stones, these grand, spreading trees. Ah! Is it not hard that men should have to age and pass on, and the forests and the hills be eternal and constant . . .?"

He sat there, brooding.

"Belike," he went on in his thoughts, "it is the old mother who is right."

For, last night, Habeebah had brought the news that Umyreyna, the wife of Yussef Yar, had given birth to twins, and had added:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIS RED-HAIRED GIRL
Continued from page sixty-one]

"Bitter my heart when, all about me, I see the storm-men with the pride of fine, strong children . . . and never a grandchild at my own hearth!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Marry! What else?"

"How can I?"

"Why not?"

"I love no one."

"Who spoke of love? Love is a barren dream that dies in the waking."

"Did you say so, little mother, when my father came to you with the flaming torches of passion?"

Habeebah had smiled a little, blushed a little, sighed a little.

Then she had returned to the attack:

"There is Fathouma—a girl as sweet as clover honey . . ."

"And as stupid as a bleating sheep!"

"There is also Zobeid . . ."

"There are also this same Zobeid's eyes. One looks east, the other west."

"Soorya is both pretty and clever . . ."

"Too clever for a man's comfort! Her mouth is a running tap."

Habeebah had grown exasperated.

"Is there anybody at all good enough for you in the hills and plains?" Habeebah had demanded ironically. "*Wah*—whom do you expect to wed? The Empress of Yellow China?"

"If I love her—her lips to mine! If I do not love her—let her look elsewhere! Little mother"—he had continued seriously—"how can there be mating without love?"

"Better meat without salt than no meat at all. Suppose love should never come to you?"

"Then I shall never marry."

"Wrong!" she had exclaimed. "You must marry!"

"Why?"

"It is the way of nature—the way of fate."

"Perhaps not my fate."

"Everybody's fate! Children you must have—and then grandchildren . . ."

He had laughed.

"You are looking far ahead, mother."

"No farther than mere eternity. For it is the breeding and bearing of children which make man and woman eternal, constant. A life must aye bring forth a life. . . . It is so written!"

He remembered the words:

"Eternal—constant . . . a life must aye bring forth a life. . . ."

HE sat there, brooding. Maybe the old mother was right indeed.

Then, violently, he said to himself:

"No! The mother is not right. I am perfect master only of this thing which is myself. A useless thing? Possibly. But precious to me. And, if the right girl should come along, she could buy me for the price of a smile. But, if she be not right, she could not buy me for the sake and price of eternity!"

So he thought; and, hearing a noise, he looked up as down a slope came Gouthia, the daughter of Mustaffa Timoor, chief of the Abdalli, driving her father's goats from the upper pasture. She stood still for a moment, leaning on a thorn stick, peering into the setting sun. She did not notice him squatting in the bracken.

He had never seen her before. But he saw her now; saw her red, wanton curls, the softness of her neck, the ripeness of her breast and cheek—and a queer thing happened to him, though not queer at all in our hills.

For he fell in love with her, right then and there.

Yes. Love for this red-haired girl came to him quickly, sharply. It was all about him—in the air, the wind, in his heart and soul and body. Like something sweetly wild it was; like the scent of myrtle blown across the moors; like an ancient, pagan cry that struck some chord in him no other thing had ever touched.

He thought of the rocks, the trees; eternal and constant.

He thought:

"A life must aye bring forth a life. . . . It is so written!"

He rose suddenly and, if she was frightened, she did not show it.

She looked at him. He was young, tall, darkly tanned, in rough leather garments, an eagle's feather boldly in his shaggy, fur cap, a crooked dagger strapped flat against the brawn of his bare arm.

A storm-man, she knew at once; and yet—she considered—not bad-looking with his keen, gray eyes and the slow, crimson smile of his wide mouth, and his voice quite gentle as he said:

"May I tell you what is in my mind?"

"Well?"

"I like your supple hips. I like your hair. I like the toss of your head. I like *you*—all of you. Will you kiss me?"

Calmly he spoke, though his heart beat like a trip-hammer. Calmly, yet with insult in each word, Gouthia replied:

"And may I tell you what is in *my* mind? No more nor less than that you are a storm-man—and I a girl of the Abdalli, daughter to the chief."

He grew angry at once.

"A storm-man indeed—not an earth-bound peasant like your father and all his cursed tribe! A free man—I!"

SHE shrugged her shoulders carelessly and tried to pass. But he stretched out a detaining hand. There was no longer anger in his voice, but high, driving tenderness, as he went on:

"I love you!"

She was a little taken aback.

His arrogance, a moment earlier, when he had asked her to kiss him, she had understood; had not exactly minded. It was the way of the hill-bred. But, now, she told herself that this man was in earnest, and she cast down her eyes in confusion, wondering and mute, as he repeated:

"I love you, O moon of the world!"

All at once she laughed.

"The splendid, jesting fool was spoiled in you when Allah made you into a storm-man!" she exclaimed.

"A fool? I? A jester? Is it a jest that when I saw you a second ago and, seeing you, loved you, a grand magic swept through me—as if, suddenly, my whole life had been made clean and sweet and simple?"

He took a step nearer to her.

"Come with me to the fresh, green wilderness!" he begged. "Let me show you my kingdom in the far hills. Listen! Once I saw a white fox up there play hide-and-seek with a white hare. And there is a stag who comes to my hand and salaams and wishes me the time of day so politely—and a golden eagle who flops to my shoulder and calls me brother. And I know a pool that is like a piece of sky tumbled among the tall grasses—and to fall into it, on a night, would be to get all tangled up with the moon and the stars. Come with me, child!"

Soft his voice, beguiling. Again she felt mute confusion stealing over her. It made her furious at herself; more furious at him.

"Come with you," she cried mockingly—"with *you?* By the Prophet! Rather a black Hindu to the arms of me—rather an infidel, an eater of dirt—than you, a creature!"

She called to her goats and walked away, while he grew pale. His heart hurt, his pride—and he thought:

"Mockery for mockery I shall give her, and cruelty for cruelty."

He yelled after her:

"Hey!"

She turned.

"What is it?"

"You were right. I was only jesting. I would not mate with you were you a king's daughter. Why should I swallow gall when I can sip honey? Ah—for up there"—pointing—"on the Hill of Seven Spears lives a young girl of my own people . . . and it is she who has the sweet curve to her cheek such as I have seldom seen, and hair so flame red your own would turn green with envy!"

A childish boast it was; a childish lie. Gouthia knew it. Still, it made her angry.

"Keep away from this valley," she threatened, "or I shall tell my tribesmen, and they will give you a sound thrashing!"

This time it was he who laughed derisively.

"Stupid oxen—your tribesmen!" he informed her. "They could never catch me—even came I to them in broad daylight, alone and unarmed. Why"—which was another boast, another lie—"yesterday morning I crept between your father's very legs as I helped myself to his fine, roan heifer. And had I so wished, I could have stood up in back of him and slashed his throat from ear to ear. Belike I shall do so some day—and send you his head as a present!"

She stamped her foot.

"Storm-man!" she cried. "Pah—vagabond!"

"Pah—stupid village girl!"

"I hate you!"

"I hate you twice as much!"

YET he did not hate her at all. How could he—since he loved her? Nor did she hate him. At least, not precisely. But, for quite a while, they faced each other, shouted insults at each other.

For, after all, they were so young, so proud, so stubborn . . . and he *was* a storm-man, despised by all proper Afghans, and she the daughter of the Abdalli chief.

He was morose when he returned to his people's camp, deep in a clearing of the wilderness, bordered with rough, thorn scrub.

He said to his mother:

"Tomorrow I shall go away from here, and seek my fortune in the brisker places where the winds are scented and soft."

Habeebah was astonished.

"Away from here—from me?"

"Come with me!"

"How can I? I am too old."

"Then I must go alone."

"But . . ."

"I must go! Ah"—with a great sob—"these hills—these forests—they stifle me . . . there is no happiness here. . . ."

"What has happened, son?"

"Nothing."

"Please, please," she insisted, "tell me what has happened. . . ."

At last he told her; and, if she was a crude, unlettered woman of the wilderness, she was wise enough in one thing. For she knew that there was nothing to be said. So she said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HELEN GILLILAND
star in "The Red Robe", says:
"The care of my hands is to me as important as that of my complexion. I have found Flash de Luxe a really *wonderful* aid in keeping my hands white, smooth, supple."

BLANCHE YURKA
dramatic star in "The Wild Duck", says:
"I keep my hands smooth, soft and white by regular use of Flash de Luxe, to counteract the effects of dust and weather."

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[THIS RED-HAIRED GIRL
Continued from page sixty-three]

nothing; just sat beside him, caressing his hands; and she remembered how, many years ago, before she had married Attila Hamdi's father—may his soul enjoy the delights of Paradise!—she had loved another man, a man of the orderly fields, not a storm-man, and never had he kissed her, never had he spoken to her of love, nor she to him.

His name had been . . . why, dear Lord God! what *had* it been?

She smiled. She had forgotten his name; had forgotten if he had been tall or short, dark or fair.

Yes—Allah be praised!—she had forgotten. Her son too, would forget—this Gouthia, this red-haired girl . . . and, as day followed day and he never again mentioned his going away, she was convinced that she was right.

But she was not right at all. He did not go away because he could not.

He fell to haunting the woods closest to the Abdalli valley. Not to speak to her, nor to let her see him. But so that he might see her and, at night, having seen her, dream his dreams.

He loved her. That was all.

He loved her—and what else can we say?

For the love of a man for a maid is the same wherever the winds blow and rivers run. It is the one story of all races, of all ages, trick it with glittering words as we may.

Hopeless love? Yes—and no—since he had as good a conceit of himself as the next man and at times would be wondering:

"Does she ever think of me . . . and what is she thinking?"

She thought of him indeed. She remembered his bearing, his words: so arrogant. No, not altogether arrogant. For there had been, too, the sweet, soft things he had told her—about the pool in the woods like a piece of the sky tumbled among the tall grasses—and the white fox playing with the white hare . . . and he had said to her:

"I love you, O moon of the world!"

Earnestly he had said it—had meant it, doubtless, doubtless . . . and—Allah!—how had he dared—he, the storm-man, the vagabond? And yet, tall he was, strong, taller and stronger than any of the Abdalli. His back was straight, not bent with the pull of the plow; his eyes frank and fearless; his wide, generous mouth more ready to spread in laughter than to tighten grimly, meanly.

So, there was often the notion of him in her brain, and the craving in her soul for something she could not name; and one morning, passing down the slope, driving her father's goats, she thought:

"Here he rose from the bracken! Here he stood before me! Here he said to me: 'I love you!'"

SHE did not know that, hidden in the trees, Attila Hamdi was watching her, looking at the swell of her throat and the surge of her breast where the ribbons crossed, and telling himself:

"Were she the most shameless of all the ogling, painted bazaar women, I would still love her with this amazing love of mine—would still cherish the stepping of her narrow feet!"

He stared after her.

"I love her!" he thought.

And she, descending into the valley, thought:

"I hate him!"

But it was a hate that was always with her and never left her mind at ease; a hate that trembled through her heart like a strange, haunting tune; and it was, perhaps, a little because of this hate, to force herself to forget it—forget Attila Hamdi, by the same token—that she looked deeply, too deeply, into the black eyes of Hassan Nasrullah Khan, a great Durani prince whose castle was three days' march the other side of the range called The Wrath of the Thunder Gods.

He was overlord of all the tribes in this part of the land, and occasionally—as this day—he came to the valley of the Abdalli with a shimmering retinue, to collect taxes, hold court, and speak patronizingly to old and young.

It was the duty and privilege of Mustaffa Timoor, the chief, to put his house at the other's disposal; and his daughter's duty and privilege to wait upon him.

She did so tonight. She entered with food and drink—roast mutton, millet cakes, wild berries, and a big bowl of buttermilk—and salaamed.

"Stretch your hand and eat your fill, O prince in Islam," she said in her earthy peasant speech.

He ate, and she stood beside him, awaiting his orders, looking at him. He was a large, handsome, brown-bearded man, dressed in the height of slightly foppish Persian fashion, diamonds glittering on his fingers, a huge, carved emerald falling like a drop of green fire from his left ear, a cluster of rose-pink pearls from his right.

"What gorgeous jewels—ah—could they not buy the thousand, thousand cattle!" she thought; and she gave a little start as, suddenly, he exclaimed:

"Allah! There would be daggers out for many a worse-looking maid than you in my own place, beyond the mountains!"

She was silent, and he asked:

"Have you ever been there?"

"No, my lord."

HE smiled at her. His was the queer, cruel art of the man who has his way with the women, and his voice was low as he continued:

"What say you—you come with me to my castle? Grand it is—gleaming with silver and gold—and the windows opening on scented gardens—and the pick of the world's jewels for your adornment! *Wah*"—and often in the past had he used the same trick of phrase with pleasant result, would surely use it often in the future—"I am thinking that well, indeed, your small head will fit the crook of my arm!"

She blushed scarlet. Her eyes searched the ground, then looked up into his. Bold his eyes, staring and black, with a glint and fire in them . . . and, strangely, she thought of Attila Hamdi.

Ah, the storm-man, the vagabond, cousin of wolf and eagle! Not he a prince in Islam; not he a fine, silken Durani lord with castles and jewels . . . and she thought with triumph—triumph that, curiously, held a spice of bitter regret:

"If he could see me now—this storm-man—would not his heart ache!"

She trembled as she heard Hassan Nasrullah Khan's purring words:

"And if you do not like my castle I shall find you another, a grander one—though I have to scour all Afghanistan and all High Tartary, traveling with scarlet banners and the roll of the drums and tall cavaliers galloping heartily at my heel . . . and you riding by my side, O soul of three roses!"

"On my word," whispered Gouthia, "but it is like a girl's dream. . . ."

"You may say so, O mouth of honey, though how can I be sure it is honey unless I taste it?"

He was about to take her into his arms; and, quickly, she ran from the room.

He laughed. He was still laughing when Hydar Bek, his confidential servant, entered, announcing that the taxes had been collected.

"Shall we leave tomorrow, my lord?" he added.

"Not tomorrow, nor the day after. Nor, belike, for a week or so."

"Winter will soon be here and fill the passes with snow," the other reminded him. "And there are more villages to be visited, more taxes to be gathered. . . ."

"There is always red gold to be had," interrupted Hassan Nasrullah Khan, "but seldom hair as red as I

have seen this day. You might tell the yokels hereabouts that I suffer from a high fever which will keep me in their midst a while longer."

Hydar Bek smiled, for he knew his master.

So the week came to its close, and one-half of the next. Then, one morning, the prince rode away, followed by his shimmering retinue; and as Gouthia saw the last of the cavalcade gallop out of the valley in a whirlwind of dust and flying hooves, her soul grew bleak, and a great fear came to her, and she sobbed:

"Ah, I wish my heart would not beat so! I wish—oh—I wish I were in my grave!"

The days passed. Autumn died. Winter came, piling blue ice and silvered frost. And there was that about Gouthia that she might as well have told the story of her shame at the crossroads for all the world to hear, and there was presently gossip, malicious or pitying, in the Abdalli village:

"And she not yet eighteen!"

"Maybe it is her own pride spoiled her. . . ."

"Things were different when I was a young girl."

"Things were not different. All women are alike."

"Aye! I have seen them daft enough over a lout of a peasant lad with harelip and crooked nose . . . so it is no great wonder that this one should lose her head when a prince comes along with scarlet pomp."

"It is marriage she will be thinking of now . . ."

"But who will be the fool to give her his name?"

HER parents loved her dearly. They said never a word though she would rather have suffered insults and blows than their gray silence. Only at times the mother would sigh; and once the father, when a tribesman made a slurring allusion in his hearing, replied:

"Be quiet! If grief must happen to me, let it happen with deeds, with death if need be—not with the twisting of unclean words!"

He smote the other heavily across the face, and thereafter there was little whispering in the village . . . but how could Gouthia quell the frightened whispering in her own soul?

Winter, by this time, lay over the land with a mantle of snow, and if the earth was white the sky was not far behind it. The cattle and goats huddled in their sheds. There was no herding on the slopes. Few people ventured abroad. Not even the storm-men—except Attila Hamdi.

He kept on haunting the woods near the Abdalli village. He, too, since rumor travels fast in the mountains, had heard the tale. And—by Allah!—it was the stout heart he had. For he thought as he had thought before:

"Were she the most shameless of all the ogling, painted bazaar women, I would still love her with this amazing love of mine!"

Then, one day, winter was over, and spring came with the way and wind it has in our land. With a swagger and a roar it came, tearing riotously out of the south, out of India; stabbing like crackling spears over the hundred hills and the hundred valleys; bending the oaks and firs like corn before the reaper's scythe; so that where ice was yesterday there was today a crimson blooming, and where yesterday was the white quiet of the snows there was today the hopping of beasts on the grass and the scratching of claws in the wood—and again the herbage was rich and sappy, and the young girls of the Abdalli herding the goats on the slopes.

There, on the full of a morning, came Gouthia.

She passed the place where she had seen the storm-man rising from the bracken. She sat down. She wept bitterly. And then, suddenly, she felt an arm about her; heard a voice so soft and gentle:

"Why are you crying, child?"

"Because, oh . . ."

"Is that a reason to cry, small fool? Ah!"—remembering what his mother had told him—"It is the way of nature—the way of fate . . . a life must aye bring forth a life . . . is it not so written? And—by my honor!—coming to think of it, is it not a fine and wonderful thing?"

She was silent, only sobbed; and he went on:

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ONCE you know the superior qualities of Sunkist Oranges you will always prefer to serve this famous California fruit. Richest in Juice and Finest in Flavor, they are easiest to peel and to segment. Segments are easily broken apart and skinned. Firm, sparkling portions remain temptingly luscious until served; juice remains intact.

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Your interest in eating more Sunkist Orange Foods and drinking more Sunkist Orange Juice increases as you learn that the Medical Profession advises that Oranges are among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, the malady caused by our faulty American diet. Oranges, like Lemons *are alkaline* in reaction in the body. They are a good health necessity.

Send the coupon at once for "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis and presents normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets by a noted authority . . . *it is free.*

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☐ Please mail me FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.
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Enclosed find 50c (stamps, coin, money order) for which send me Special Clean-up Kit

Name.....*City*.....

Street.....*State*.....

[THIS RED-HAIRED GIRL Continued from page sixty-five]

"If you should love me the least little bit. . . ."

"I have never been farther away from you than the width of a passing thought!" she replied, and strangely, she spoke the truth as she saw it.

And the end of the tale?

The end of the tale is not yet.

For up in the hills live a storm-man and his wife, both subject to the mocking gossip of the Abdalli down in the proper, orderly fields, and neither caring. He is getting on in years, though his back is still straight, not bent with the pull of the plow, and there is silver in her red, wanton curls. They have four sons. But their pride is the oldest; a youth with hard hands and loud, reedy laugh, for whom it is ever a snatched meal and hearty, and off to the wilderness, and back from the wilderness at night with fish or venison, and at times—to speak freely—with a chicken that once lived a peaceful life in the Abdalli village.

Attila Hamdi and Gouthia have forgotten the past; have forgotten Hassan Nasrullah Khan; have forgotten him completely.

And Attila Hamdi will point proudly at the first-born and say:

"Is he not a storm-man indeed?"

And Gouthia will agree:

"Aye! Look at him! Look at him! It is your eyes he has—and your strength—and your great, shining soul, O hero, O king!"

THE END.

Poems You Ought to Know

The Song of the Shirt

By THOMAS HOOD

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt! . . ."

The Long Line that Leads to Chic

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

THE Paris couturiers, who just now are reading the lines of fashion for our benefit, are clever forecasters. Like the successful clairvoyant or other professional dealer in futures, they give you what you want.

Do you want short skirts? Well, don't worry, dearie, you shall have them—with all the backing that Paris can give you. Do you want to wear 'em long? Go ahead. A fortunate future in chic awaits you. And if you want to be medium, to follow the moderate course of sure taste, then you will find that the most powerful of Paris fashion creators are with you in no uncertain way.

There is one general warning and prediction, however, and that is that you must unify your costume lines from the top of your head to the lower side of your smart soles. If you want to wear short skirts, then you must lift the waistline, and shoes and stockings must be so toned into your costume scheme that you give an effect of long streamlines.

If the skirt is longer, then the waistline may droop accordingly, and you may indulge in shoes of a contrasting color. In short, whether the skirt is at the knees or the ankles, it's the long line that leads to fashion this spring.

The color of powder you adopt, your rouge, the shape and color of your hat, your gloves, and even your jewels, all must be selected and worn to increase this effect of gracious length.

To compromise the long-and-short question, this Norman Hartnell gown, of black satin, pictured above, is long in back, knee-high in front, while, at the left, his débutante gown of white tulle is long all round.

Straight Up is the name Norman Hartnell gives the costume of basket-weave wool shown above. In the morning suit at the left the same couturier uses a red-brown mixture in fine-checked tweed.

Some of the Paris couturiers go in for the simple, short-skirted mode; others for a mystery and femininity as represented by longer skirts and more feminine effects generally.

Jean Patou believes very much in the latter. His most practical clothes cover the knees by a good four inches. And almost every single sports frock or suit has its accompanying frilly details. He insists on matching shoes for his long evening dresses, and for general wear the whole trend is toward an effect of longer lines.

Lucien Lelong, who has for some time been the apostle of longer skirts, continues his ideas of length and grace of line for the smart woman. His evening dresses elongate deliciously to the very heels of the shoes.

Jeanne Lanvin gives width and length even to her daytime skirts, and for evening they are at least ankle length. All of her skirts are wide, so that, whether short or long, there is always grace and dignity to the lines of the frock.

WORTH is another of the great houses favoring longer skirts. I remember Jacques Worth saying humorously, after he presented his last midseason collection:

"Most of our clients order their skirts shorter when they are measured, and at the first fitting they have them lengthened again."

So Worth is now giving them what they really want, which is below-the-knee skirts for daytime and much longer skirts for evening.

Jenny and Martial et Armand believe in short skirts for daytime and longer skirts for evening. Jane Regny makes all of her sports clothes with the skirt well below the knees, and Nicole Groult uses the moderately long skirt for both day and evening. Norman Hartnell, the wonder child of fashion creation, who, though very young, has for a number of years created clothes for the smartest women of the English aristocracy, has opened his Paris establishment with an exposition of liberality of skirt lengths. His creations, which are having a great success in Paris, are made long or short, according to the occasion.

Many of the dresses are both long and short. However, generally, this youngest couturier believes in width and length for the skirt part of the silhouette, in which he is backed by the older and more experienced Paris fashion houses.

A Quick Beauty Treatment for the Busy Woman

By Helena Rubinstein

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Helena Rubinstein

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Keep Musterole handy for instant use. When suffering from croup, chest cold, sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis and pains in joints, headache, neuralgia and chilblains or frost bite, rub on good old Musterole.

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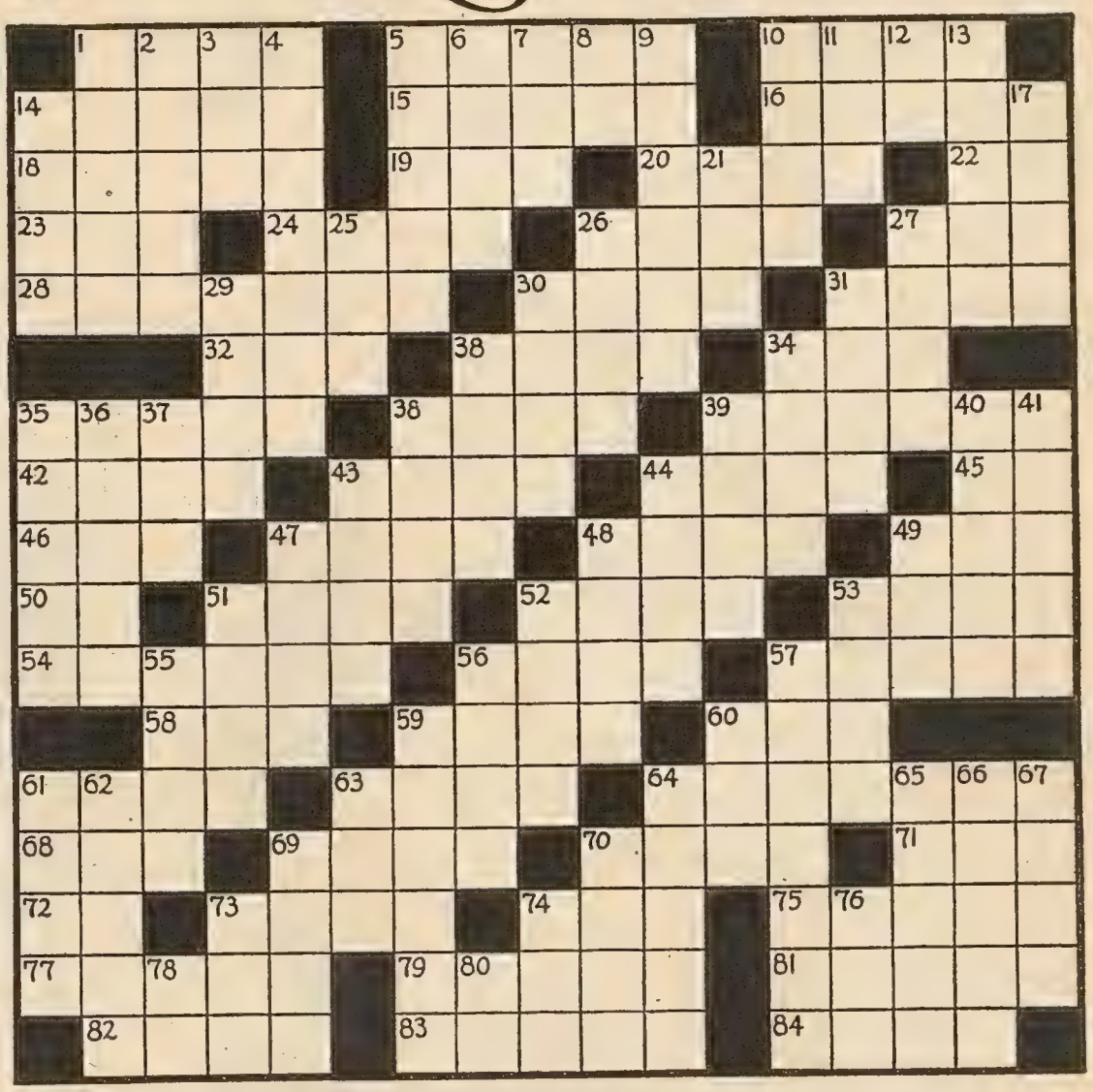
Two New Puzzles:

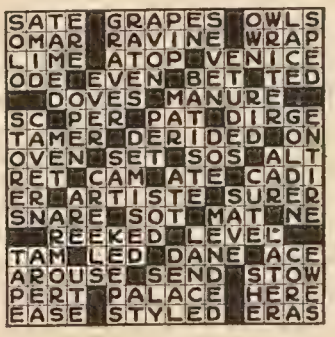


HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of carnelian
5 Ancient country of South Arabia
10 Of great extent
14 Misrepresent
15 Aurated
16 Inactive
18 Silkworms
19 Form of to be
20 Grow better
22 Exists
23 A beverage
24 Island
26 Pronoun
27 Spring
28 Declares
30 Perches
31 Beverage
32 Turkish governor
33 Witty sayings
34 Humanity in general
35 A hatch, as of fowls
38 Rent
39 Middle
42 Fine linen fabric
43 Resting place
44 A bird
45 A state (initials)
46 Devoured
47 Comprehended
48 Body of water
49 Leap about
50 Pronoun
51 Close violently
52 Cavern
53 One face of an object
54 Newspaper official
56 Renown
57 Increase in breadth
58 Jackdaw
59 Languish with desire
60 Remote
61 Portal
63 Allows
64 Purveyor
68 Nocturnal bird
69 Bonds
70 Ore vein
71 Beverage
72 Preposition
73 Part of the foot
74 Pork
75 Splits
77 A fruit
79 Select class
81 Upstanding
82 Legislative body
83 Women of station
84 Start forth suddenly

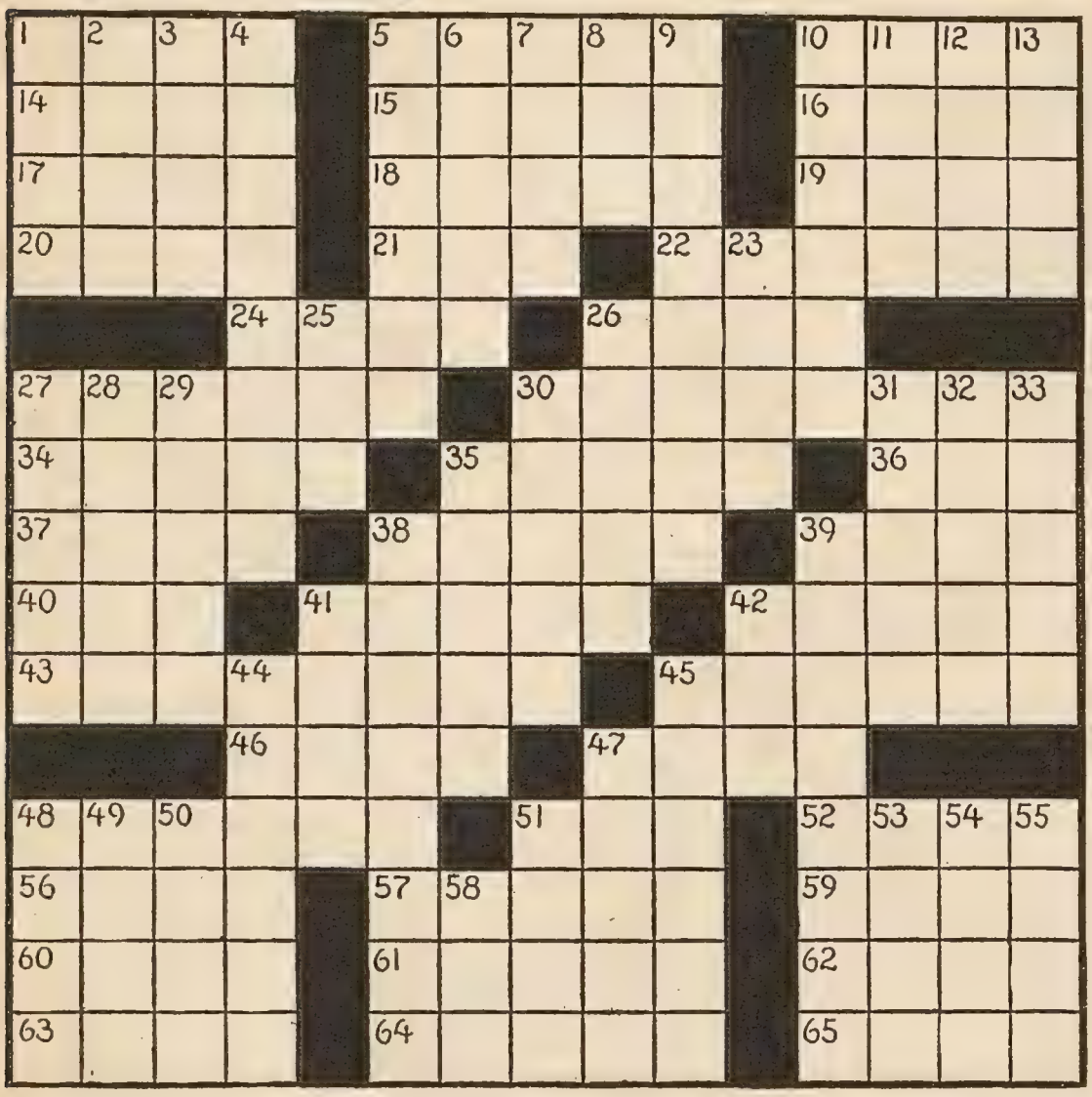
VERTICAL

1 Becomes withered
2 Assumed name
3 Long narrow inlet
4 Wanted
5 Sea mammals
6 A rodent
7 Sooner than
8 Partake of reality
9 Acknowledges
10 Creeping plant
11 Moreover
12 Japanese measure
13 Edible part of an animal's stomach
14 Greek letter
17 A monarch
21 Printer's measures
25 Hordeolum
26 Anything very small
27 Directed to go
29 Black
30 Kind
31 River edge
33 Bewail audibly
34 Lake or pool
35 Culpability
36 Classified
37 Have an obligation to
38 To abound
39 Harden into a mass
40 Wear away
41 Come to maturity
43 Scorch
44 Bathe
47 Behind time
48 Halt
49 Concealed
51 Asterisk
52 Containers
53 Father
55 Image
56 Spasms
57 Irrigated
59 Pared
60 Passing craze
61 Unhappy destiny
62 Admitted
63 Fabrication
64 Arrives
65 Ranter
66 Choose
67 Cessation of motion
69 Probe for searching a wound
70 Recent
73 Garden tool
74 Pronoun
76 Man's name
78 Chinese measure
80 Syllable sounded in solmization



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

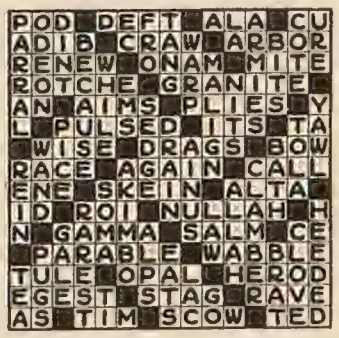


HORIZONTAL

1 One of the people, as distinguished from the clergy
5 Domestic cocks or hens
10 Prefecture or district in China
14 A city in Cuneo Province, Italy
15 Projecting bay window
16 Mongolian priest or monk
17 To impart movement to
18 A romance, especially in meter
19 Title of dignity among Turks
20 Sled for hauling logs
21 Any breach of continuity
22 Incapable of efficient action
24 Compensated for services
26 Gaiter
27 Alarmed
30 Article of chess equipment
34 Sharpener
35 Article of apparel
36 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
37 Otherwise
38 Talks volubly (slang)
39 Long pole or spar
40 Cease to be
41 In good season or time
42 City in Switzerland
43 Discarded as refuse
45 Revokes (colloq.)
46 Unfilled space
47 Large bundle or package
48 Unassuming
51 Free of charges or deductions
52 French painter and sculptor (1833-83)
56 Variant of 19 Horizontal
57 Cease! (nautical)
59 Egyptian deity
60 Supports
61 Fold of a coat front
62 Collection of huts
63 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
64 Condition
65 Die having three pips

VERTICAL

1 To remain in existence
2 Tenor violin or viola
3 Large lizard of the Philippines
4 Free from anxiety or concern
5 Made cloudy, as a photographic plate
6 Nymph of mountains and hills
7 Small bunch, as of hay
8 A lawn tennis term
9 The Greenland shark (plural)
10 Openings made by splitting
11 Part of a horse's harness
12 Fail to include
13 Articles of merchandise
23 Firm in adherence
25 Always
26 Bright; luminous
27 Casts off, as a coating
28 Pertaining to the colon
29 Genus of typical geese
30 One between infancy and youth
31 New Zealand aborigine
32 Surrounded by
33 Designates
35 A fragment
38 Uppermost member of a column (plural)
39 A former Pope
41 Events of epical dignity
42 Babylonian deity
44 Having opposition of mind
45 Clatter
47 Set upon on all sides
48 Masculine
49 Hebrew measure of capacity
50 Hollows out, as a well
51 County in western California
53 Ridges of drift
54 Hoarfrost
55 Perceive at a distance
58 Large tub



Answer to last week's puzzle

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

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Joyous Touches for Easter Menus

By ETHEL SOMERS

With some ingenuity and a pair of butter paddles you can transform creamy butter into a graceful calla lily.

EASTER is one of the occasions when one should provide menus with festive touches. The recipes following offer no end of possibilities to the ingenious housewife. Nor will they be too difficult for the amateur, provided she uses accurate measurements and cooks with the aid of a thermometer.

Marble Cake

Delicate	*Cheap*
½ cup shortening	4 tablespoons or ¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar	¾ cup sugar
⅜ cup milk	½ cup milk
1½ cups flour	1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder	2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt	⅜ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon flavoring	½ teaspoon flavoring
4 egg whites or 2 eggs	2 egg whites or 1 egg
½ teaspoon mixed spices or ½ ounce melted chocolate	½ teaspoon mixed spices or ½ ounce melted chocolate
Few drops coloring	Few drops coloring

CREAM the shortening and gradually work in the sugar. Add the well beaten egg yolks, if used, and beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times to get them light and fluffy, then sift a small quantity into the creamed egg-sugar mixture. Beat well and add a little of the milk. Alternate the addition of these and beat them thoroughly into the dough, being careful not to add enough milk at any one time to cause the batter to separate. After the last addition of liquid and dry ingredients, beat the egg mixture for one or two minutes. Lightly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring, cutting these in with as little stirring as possible. Divide the dough into three parts, leaving one-third uncolored, adding the spices or chocolate to a second third, and shading the last third with a few drops of any desired coloring.

Alternate spoonfuls of each of the three colors when placing the cake dough in the oiled pan—either a Turk's-head or loaf pan. With a fork blend the three colors with a spiral motion to produce a marbled effect. Carefully avoid too much stirring, as this will blend the mixture and spoil the colorings.

Bake cup cakes in a 375° F. oven from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The larger cake should be baked in a moderate oven (350° F.) from forty-five to sixty minutes. Frost with cooked or uncooked white icing, reserving some of this to be colored green and placed on the edge of the cake. This may be decorated with Easter rabbits fashioned from marshmallows, the ears and tails being attached with toothpicks or a sugar-and-water syrup cooked to the crack stage. Pink or green frosting may be used for the eyes and nose.

Individual cake nests may be made by covering the frosted cup cakes with browned coconut and decorating with candy eggs. Or, if desired, a plain pastry point may be used to apply chocolate frosting in strawlike formations. Decorate the center of the top with three Easter eggs made from almond paste. Chopped angelica sprinkled over the outer edge will produce the mottled effect of a nest.

Decorate the children's cup cakes with marshmallow bunnies, or with browned coconut and candy eggs.

RAINBOW COOKIES may be made by reducing the liquid in either of the foregoing recipes to two tablespoons. Divide the dough into three colored portions. Do not add more flour unless necessary, as handling the dough soft insures a more delicate cooky. Roll out one color on floured wax paper. Chill the rolled layer, keeping the other two colors at room temperature. Roll another color on top, and chill the rolled cooky dough before the next color is rolled thereon. Then roll up the whole into one twist, as for jelly roll. Chill, preferably overnight, as for ice-box cookies, and slice. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) from ten to twelve minutes or until delicately browned.

Butter Calla Lilies

Butter
Butter paddles
Yellow coloring, if desired

SCALD the butter paddles and then thoroughly chill them for at least thirty minutes. Put the butter in a bowl of cold water and cream it with a wooden spoon. Measure one level tablespoon of butter. Shape this into a ball by rolling between the paddles. When perfectly round, slap or pound the two paddles together to flatten the ball into a round cake one-eighth inch thick, and drop into ice water.

Take one teaspoon of butter, either natural or colored a deeper yellow, and roll it into a long, pencil-like piece about 1¼ inches in length and about half the diameter of a pencil. You will note that the rolling produces a pointed rather than a blunt end. Put this on the center of the flattened butter cake which is still in the ice water. Working under the water and at the broader end of the pistil, fold over the two lower sides of the round flat cake to form a point and allow these to curve slightly back to simulate the calla lily. Add a spray of green.

HERE are suggestions for Easter dainties planned by Ethel Somers to help housewives get away from routine dishes on that day. Numerous other inviting recipes will be found in the three LIBERTY cookbooks. Each book costs only 10 cents; or you may have all three for 25 cents. Send for them today—using the coupon herewith.

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The BOGY of Superfluous Hair

By
EILEEN BOURNE

A CURIOUS phase of feminine psychology is revealed in the peace of mind with which a woman meets certain defects of beauty, while other liabilities will send her off into hysteria. A woman can laugh off a nose that isn't all to the Grecian. She can laugh off a waistline that is spreading hip-width; at an ankle that wouldn't get a coveted gaze. But let her, one morning, discover hair on her upper lip, and her laugh becomes an agonized moan. Superfluous hair is just one of those things that appall, terrorize, and victimize women out of all proportion to its actual beauty offense.

The victimizing is accomplished, first, through exaggeration of a perfectly normal downy growth into a catastrophe; second, through improper use of methods for removing an excess growth.

An attempt to determine the actual reasons for superfluous hair finds you face to face with a problem. Hereditary influence is the popular abstract disposal of it. Exposure to the elements, excessive grease applications, improper use itself of the methods for removing the hair are contributing causes. At present gland disturbances are being affiliated in medical minds with the hyperactivity of hair growth. But until we have perfect unanimity of opinion our duty must lie in the direction of local relief methods.

These may be classified under three heads—electrical, chemical, and mechanical.

While the ethics of all good beauty advisers dictate mention of electrolysis as the safe method that permanently destroys unwanted hair, the difficulty lies in the layman's inability to know an expert operator from an inexpert one. The X-ray system is dispensed with at once as unsafe. While it will cause hair to fall out, the process is of such reactionary character that the risk of disfigurement disposes of it as a safe device.

In the mechanical methods we have tweezing and shaving. But these are recognized as short-lived comforts—although shaving has its advantages in removing hair from under the arms. For facial work, however, objection is raised, based on the evolution of the young boy's first facial growth, a mere soft down, to the sturdy growth requiring daily razor attacks.

Under the chemical methods come the depilatories, perhaps the most popular vogue at the present moment, because they are safe and inexpensive if chosen for their purity and used in correct amounts and applied according to directions. These cautions must be observed. Also, it is well to recognize that each individual skin has its own preferences and aversions. So, as pointed out by one expert, the way to properly judge the right depilatory is to buy a product made by manufacturers of established reputation and to give it a trial test over a small area of the forearm.

Let her discover hair on her upper lip, and her laugh becomes an agonized moan.

Exposure to the elements is a contributing cause of superfluous hair.

Depilatories come in liquid, powder, and cream form. Permanency is not guaranteed for them, but with proper depilatories it is claimed a gradual diminution of growth may be apparent.

The powder depilatories have to be mixed for each using and the paste must be of the right consistency. The strong sulphide odor, which finds objectors, cannot be eliminated, and as it is a necessary ingredient in a depilatory it will have to be borne with.

THE liquids penetrate deeply into the pores, which with an unduly sensitive skin might cause irritation and tenderness. After hair is removed it is well to grease the surface with a soothing cream.

The cream depilatory is clean and easy to use and ready at a moment's notice. Then there are pumice-stone compositions in which sulphide is incorporated before they take cake or stone shape. The cake or stone is rubbed over the hairy area.

Sometimes classed with depilatories and sometimes in a class by themselves, epilatories are wax preparations which are heated, spread over the surface to be cleared, allowed to remain on a few minutes, and then peeled off. When that waxy plaster is turned over for your inspection you are cheered by the forced exodus from lip, chin, or whatever the treated area, of countless numbers of hairs, fuzz, and pulpy things that look like roots. The skin is left as smooth as glass. Antiseptic salves or creams are applied immediately to allay any possible skin irritation.

For less formidable growths a bleach made of one tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen to which a drop of ammonia is added may be sufficient attention.

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PUNISHMENT

Pictures by
RAY SISLEY

At the last Aloysia revived. "Ah sho' don' blame you-all, Miss Adelaide," she wept.

The Story of a Wife's Revenge

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

TREATED as a human being is entitled to be treated, Adelaide Wolcott was the mildest of women. She forgot and forgave up to seventy times seven. But at the four hundred and ninety-first offense against her, she was apt to turn upon her persecutors and mete out retribution that they wouldn't forget.

This tendency to vent accumulated and merciless vengeance was exemplified twice in the same day, and in two cases.

The first to receive her come-up-to was Aloysia Minks; and the second was Henry Wolcott himself.

The lightning that shattered Aloysia was logical and inevitable, the outcome of successive derelictions. But upon Henry, Adelaide visited strange and unusual punishment.

Aloysia got drunk. She got drunk sublimely and repeatedly. Sober, she was a grand cook and the kind of housekeeper who pursues dust and smears to their remotest hiding place. Drunk, she turned on the gas without lighting it and stretched out any place for a nap.

Adelaide had given her countless opportunities to reform. Firing her six times, she six times took her back. Finally, she packed her off for good, and told her so.

Aloysia was gone seven days, and returned a changed woman, so she said.

"Ah done wrestled with mah weakness, Miss Adelaide," she affirmed contritely. "Ah sho' wrestled and laid it low."

Adelaide cast an eye toward the kitchen where a no-account substitute for Aloysia was sluggishly spoiling the dinner. The house reeked with fumes of scorched cream sauce, and lumps of sodden spoon-bread from luncheon still disintegrated in the sink strainer.

"I'll give you one more try," decided Adelaide. "But it's the last. Absolutely the last. I hope you understand."

"Ah certainly does," said Aloysia. "Ah certainly does. Las' night, tusslin' with mah weakness, Ah says to mahseff that if Miss Adelaide takes me back, jes' this once, she ain't nevah goin' be sorry agin. Ah done change. Change to the roots."

"I hope so," Adelaide returned piously. "I suppose you kept your key as usual. Come tomorrow in time for breakfast. And mind—I've had enough. All I'm going to stand. The first evening you show up to serve dinner with your cap on sideways and your apron tied halfway around behind, I'll do something terrible. I don't know what, yet. But it will come to me when I see you that way, and I'll do it."

Aloysia was of the high-stepping, freebooting, full-rigged type. She had a head full of superlative recipes and a mighty arm for beating batter, and she carried these appurtenances with pride. But she could be humble when humility was in order.

"You sho' am a sweet woman, Miss Adelaide," she murmured. "You sho' am. Comin' along ovah heah, it come to me you-all needed waffles for bref-fus, atter a week of her." She nodded disparagingly toward the kitchen. "So Ah stepped by Snookses and ohdered honey to put on top."

Aloysia sailed away, and Adelaide negotiated the departure of the undesirable by a combination of half truths about her old cook returning and the bestowal of a discarded dress.

INVIGORATING sounds and smells drifted upward from the kitchen when Henry and Adelaide awoke next morning. In addition to honey, Aloysia had ordered small and delectable sausages from Snooks'. Henry descended, sighed with content, overate, and departed for the office.

"You-all go up an' sew," Aloysia admonished her mistress. "'Tain't like Ah don' know the house. It's like mah mammy's lap to me, an' Ah can go ahead by mahseff."

Adelaide yielded to the same vast inundation of well-being that had washed Henry so blissfully to the office. She made a trip to the basement to look at a five-gallon crock of mash that was going to be wine. Yeasty and odorous under its cheesecloth covering, the mash promised complete fulfillment of its purpose. There was a new case of Scotch stowed in the coal bin and well covered. On the way upstairs Adelaide stopped in the hall.

"You'd better wash the skirtboards," she ordered. "That other one didn't care where the dust mop hit."

"Spoke scourin' powdah from Snookses," came the comforting reply.

Adelaide turned back the rug in the spare room and attached the sewing machine to a plug. There were curtains to be made against the fall cleaning. With Aloysia on the job, and thoroughly reformed, she could look toward fall cleaning without a shudder. She measured six lengths of scrim, and the sewing machine hummed.

At the end of a long hem she noted what silence pervaded the house. Aloysia had been smart with her dishes and gone, by all signs, to the slow, soundless drudgery of the skirt-boards.

Adelaide ran two more hems. Still that pervading, unearthly quiet. Folding a finished curtain, she went down the stairs. Aloysia was not on her knees in the hall. She was not in the living room; neither the library.

Fearfully, drowning great dreads beneath the surface of her consciousness, she approached the kitchen. And there her eyes met a sight.

FLAT in the exact geographical center of the blue and white linoleum reposed Aloysia. Her eyes were closed, and a seraphic, aimless smile played out from her parted lips to the ample circumference of her ebony countenance. And rippling down, flickering around her like a lake around a half-sunk boat, water cascaded gently over piled dishes in the sink and spread lazily toward the confines of the kitchen.

"Well!" said Adelaide. "Well!"

The end had come. The end of patience and indulgence. Fording a tributary of the kitchen flood, she reached the telephone closet and called the police.

"Send your wagon," she said resolutely, "and get my cook. Come by the back door."

The wagon slid into the alley. At the last Aloysia revived sufficiently to bemoan her errors, and to ride away with blessings and promises on her tongue.

"Ah sho' don' blame you-all a mite, Miss Adelaide," she wept. "You-all sho' got you' fill o' me. Git along bes' you can, honey, an' Ah'll be back. Ah got mah key."

Adelaide attacked the ruin of the culinary department. She had the floor mopped and the dishes most done when the telephone rang.

"Seventh precinct, Sergeant Flat speaking," came a forthright voice. "We have a colored woman here who says she works for you."

"She doesn't work for me," Adelaide replied in a stony voice. "She did, but she doesn't."

"She seems to be intoxicated."

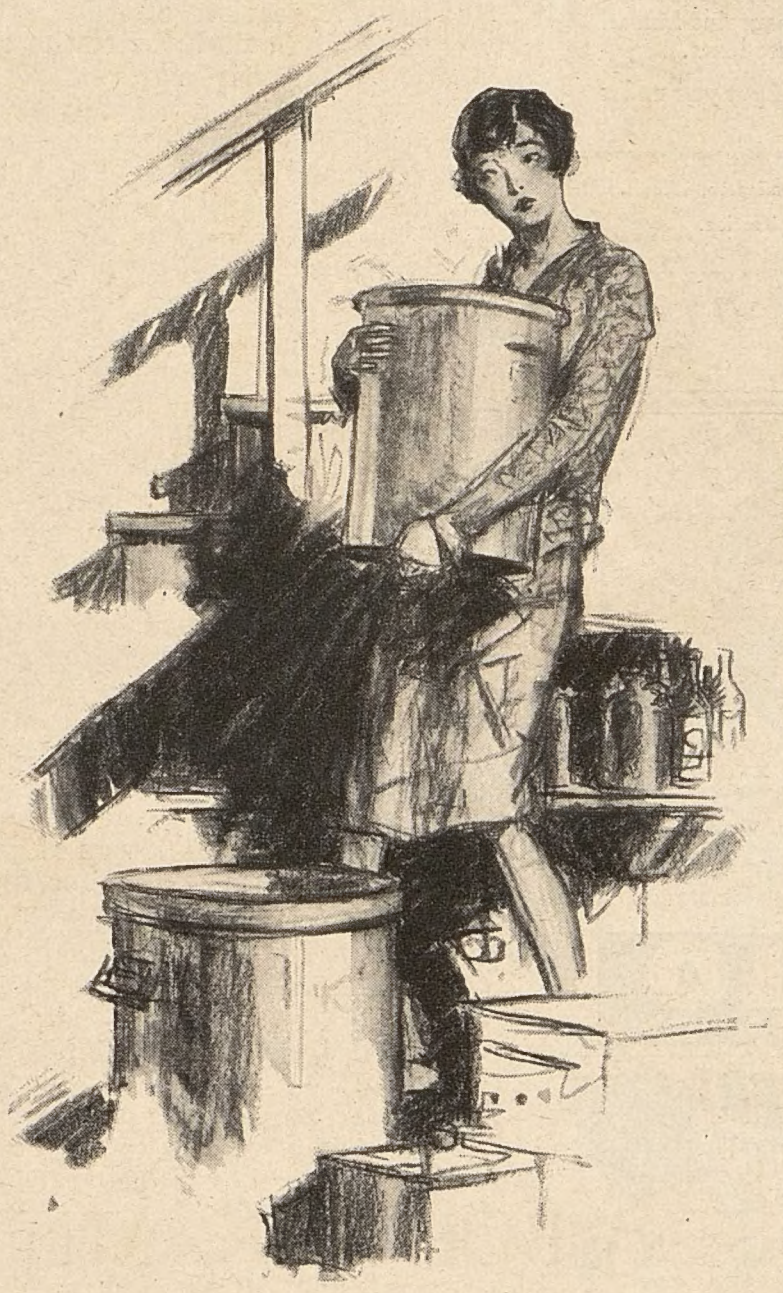
"I should say she does."

"Do you know where she got her liquor?"

"How should I know that?"

"No offense, ma'am. But in cases like this it's customary to ask questions, and search premises last frequented by the prisoner."

"Don't be silly. This is my house, and I'm busy."



Next came the crock. Its contents slopped like a tide. Grape skins adhered to the mud on her clothes.

"Only a formality, ma'am. Nothing to be alarmed about. We're sending a couple of men over. They ought to be there in fifteen minutes. We didn't want to scare you, so I phoned first."

Numb with horror, Adelaide took a towel from a drawer in the pantry and wiped her hands. She couldn't

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

think. There was no time to think. Under the basement steps bubbled a five-gallon crock of wine, and only a paltry tarpaulin covered the case of Scotch in the coal bin. Where could such evidence be concealed? Where? Police searching premises were thorough. If they confiscated your car because you carried a pint flask, what would they do with your house for harboring a case of Scotch and a crock of wine?

The Wolcotts lived in one of those suburbs where domiciles spring up almost overnight, and are sold with the same astounding speed.

Over the unfenced line of their back yard had risen a realty company's latest endeavor—last week completed and placarded for sale. Its rear porch stood at least three feet from the ground, the space underneath screened with lattice.

She got a section of the lattice away. But she couldn't lift the case of Scotch to carry it over.

With system born of haste and desperation she divided it mentally, and carried six bottles at a trip into hiding.

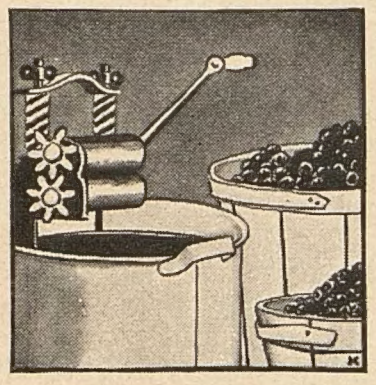
The loads didn't come out right. There were only five bottles in the last. Henry must have given one away.

When the case was empty she demolished it with the ax and stuffed its slats into the furnace. The summer hadn't gone yet, but she lit the fire.

Her hands bled from nails, and her dress was plastered with earth from the neighboring cache.

Next came the crock. Straining her arms around its unyielding girth, she all but broke her back getting it under the porch. Its contents slopped like a tide. Grape skins adhered to the mud on her clothes. She smelled to heaven.

Five minutes of the fifteen of grace yet remained. In them she stripped, stood under the shower without taking time for a rubber cap, slipped two garments over her streaming head, and went downstairs to await the advent of the law.



Only then, in the first moment of respite, did she remember Henry. Who was Henry that he should go scot free from all this?

Latching the telephone closet door against possible listeners, she called him up.

"Henry," she panted, "come home at once. Drop whatever you're doing and come now."

"Heavens, Adelaide! What's up?"

"Everything's up. I have just sent Aloysia to jail, and the police are coming to search the house."

Full-chested, bellowing laughter reverberated over the wire.

"Good gracious," Henry roared, "you didn't believe that was the station phoning, did you? They called the office for information to fill out their blotter—and I thought up the rest myself."

"Henry Wolcott!"

"Sorry, old girl. Nothing but a joke. Hope I didn't put you to any trouble."

"Trouble!" Adelaide's mouth quivered, and then went narrow and thin.

"What did you do—" There was an abatement of mirth from the office. It was as though dire forebodings had edged their way into Henry's happiness. "What did you do with—with the—stuff?"

"What should I do?" Adelaide's voice was poisonously sweet. "I poured it all out on the ground, of course."

"Ground? Poured—? Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lo—"

Adelaide set the receiver quietly on the hook. She went into the living room and sat down. As a Borgia might have smiled, foreseeing novel squirms and cries from a victim, so Adelaide Wolcott smiled. She was still smiling when her husband's roadster thundered on the turn into the drive.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Boise; Springfield; Indianapolis.

2—Generally, a flag which hangs from a crosspiece or frame instead of from a staff or mast.

3—Traps.

4—Asia and Africa.

5—Ambassador.

6—Something to turn up.

7—Emeritus.

8—The first wife of Henry VIII of England.

9—The extreme of madness.

10—They were pledged to take the field at a minute's notice during and previous to the Revolutionary War.

11—Upon a painted ocean (The Ancient Mariner by Samuel Taylor Coleridge).

12—The Turkish Empire.

13—Six cubits and a span. (Nine feet and nine inches. 1 Samuel xvii. 4.)

14—A majority is any number in excess of one-half of the total votes cast. Plurality is the number in excess of the next highest vote.

15—No.

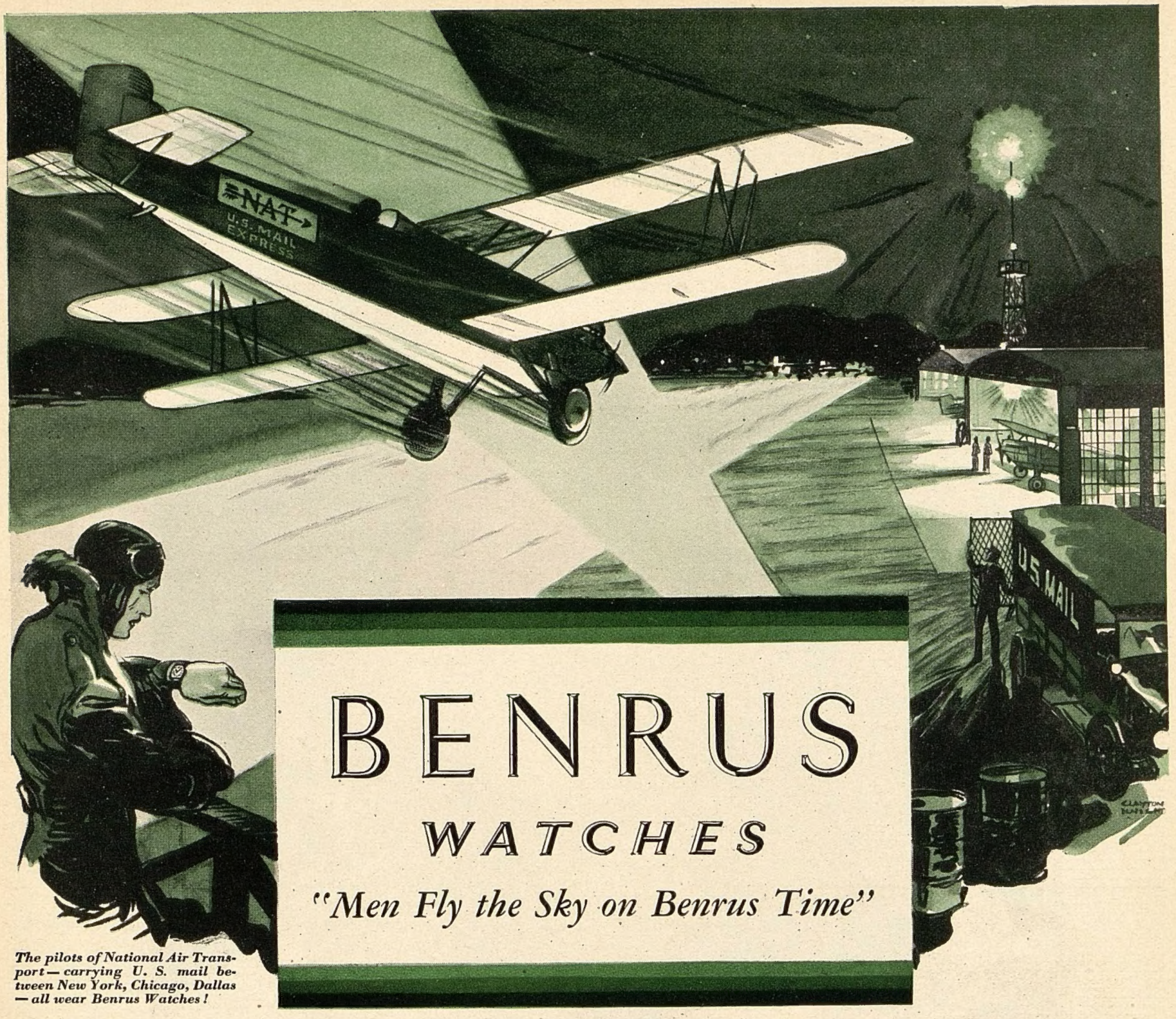
16—White Sox, Cubs; Browns, Cardinals; Red Sox, Braves; Athletics, Phillies; Yankees, Giants.

17—Sacramento, California, and Augusta, Maine, which are 2,663 miles apart.

18—South.

19—In, or by, this sign thou shalt conquer.

20—Three hundred and sixty.



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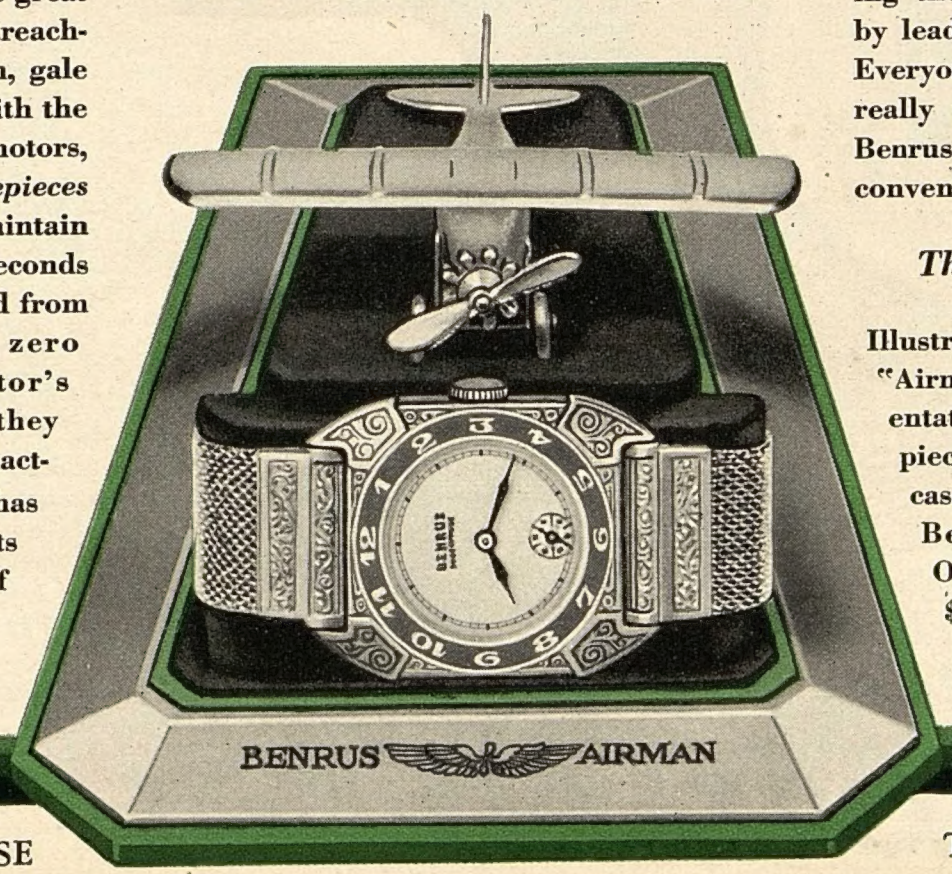

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